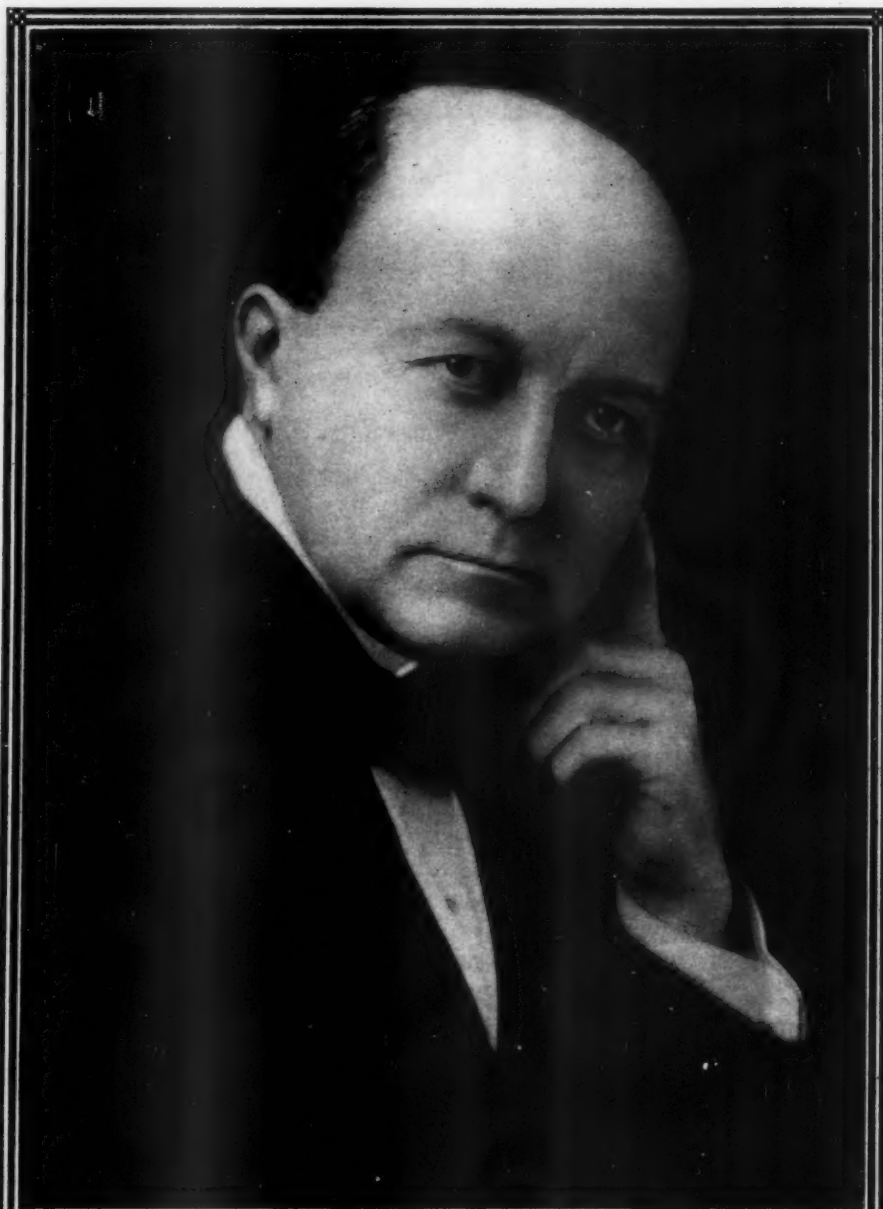


# CURRENT OPINION



PAUL REVERE RODE INTO FAME ON APRIL 18, 1775

This and other action pictures of his historic midnight ride, in D. W. Griffith's "America," is "one of the most remarkable ever screened."



© Underwood

**HE IS THINKING HOW TO ATTACK THOSE NAVAL RESERVE OIL LEASES**  
Ex-Senator Atlee Pomerene is chosen as special counsel to recover from the Doheny-Sinclair interests what the Government may have lost—if anything.

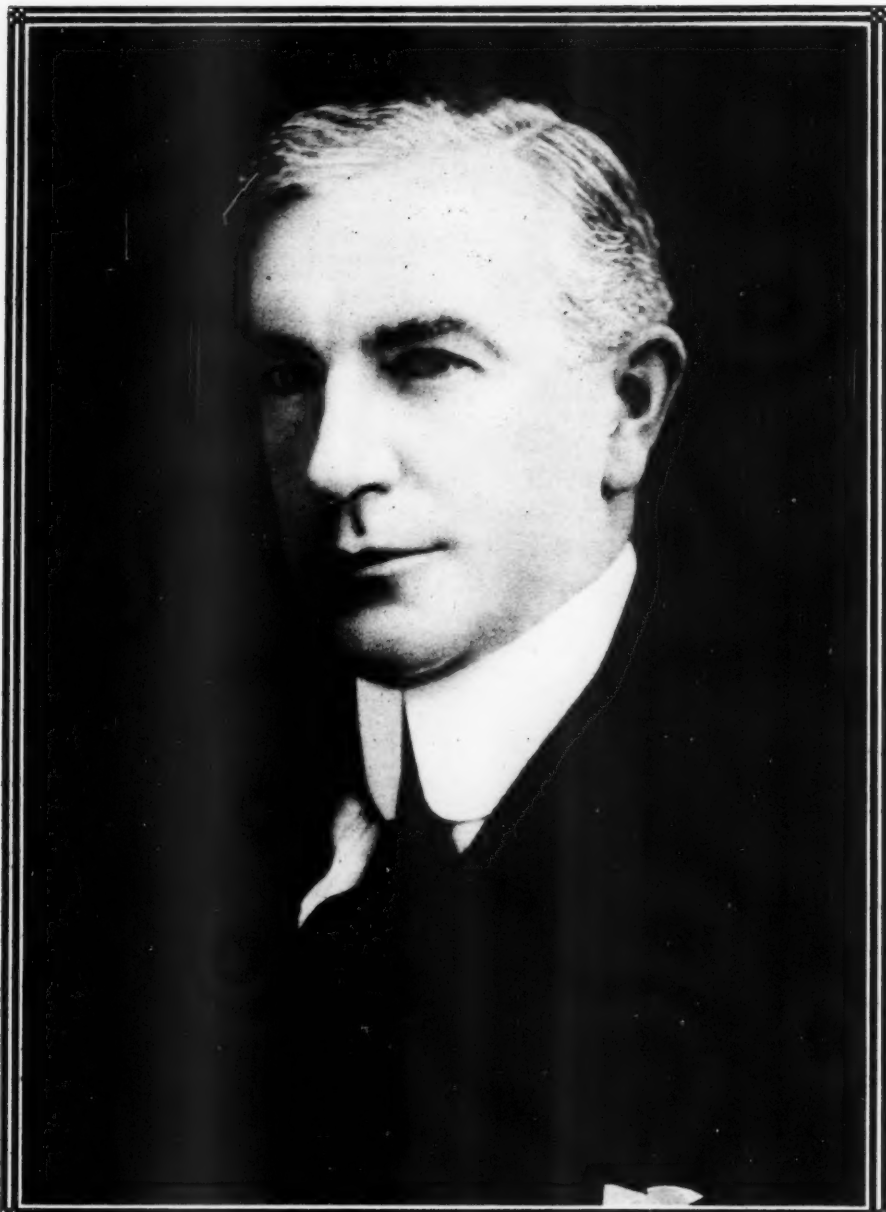




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"A FIGHTING WELSHMAN" AND "A TOWER OF PHYSICAL STRENGTH"

Owen J. Roberts, of Philadelphia, junior counsel for the Government to probe into those Naval Reserve oil leases, is so described by Senator Pepper.



© Keystone

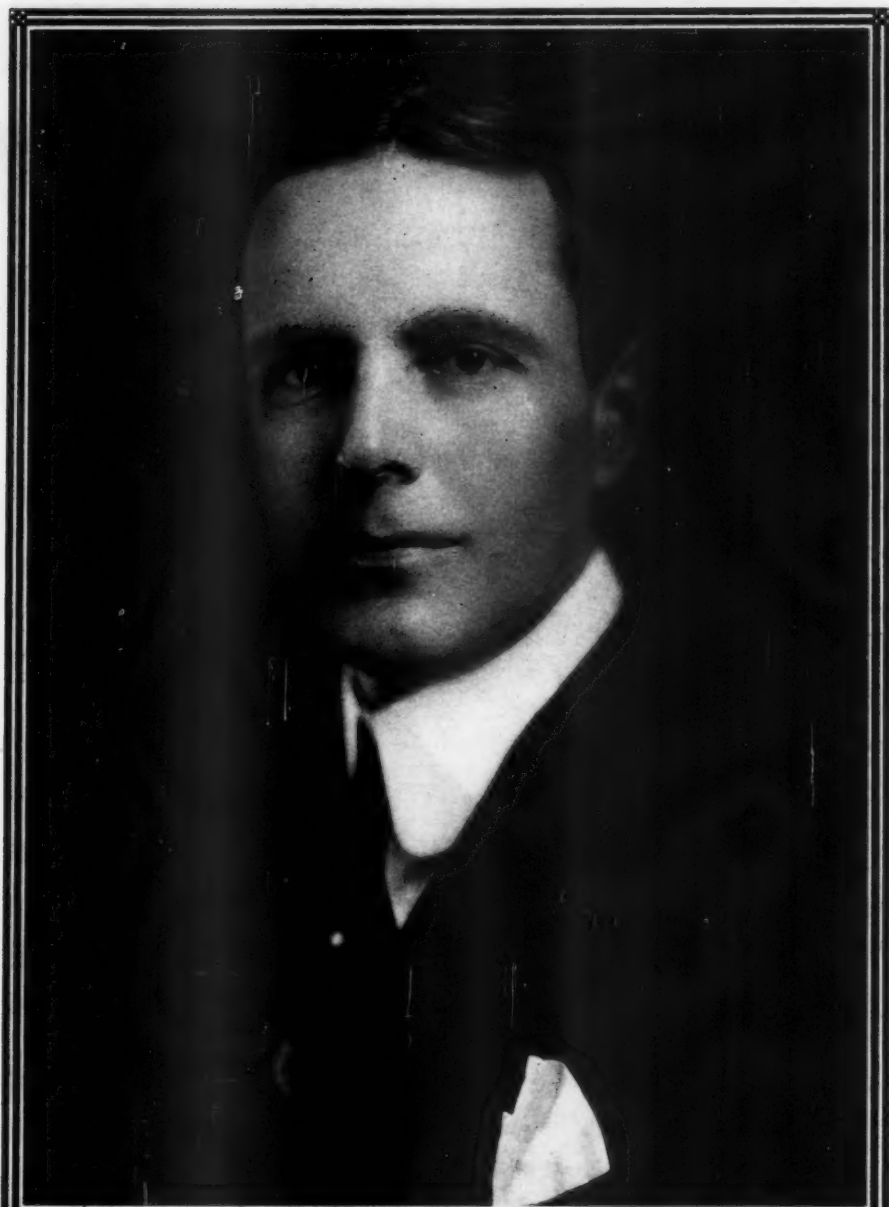
HIS ROAD HAS LED UPWARD FROM BRUSSELS TO ROME  
Ambassador Henry P. Fletcher, who has been transferred from Belgium to Italy  
to succeed Richard Washburn Child, is, strange to say, not a man of letters.



© Underwood

**AN AMBASSADOR IN HIGH FAVOR WITH PRESIDENT OBREGON**

Charles Beecher Warren, nevertheless, goes reluctantly to Mexico City after negotiating the agreements which led to our recognizing the Obregon Government.



© Harris & Ewing

**UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE BECOMES AMBASSADOR TO BELGIUM**

William Phillips, succeeding Ambassador Fletcher at Brussels, is a veteran diplomat, although young enough to be in the 1900 class of Harvard.



© International

IS HE BIG ENOUGH TO FILL THE PLACE VACATED BY LENIN?

Alexis Ivanovitch Rykoff, newly made Premier of the Soviet Government in Russia, is taking a "rest cure" in the Caucasus while others rule in Moscow.



PRESIDENT EMERITUS OF HARVARD NOW  
A NONAGENARIAN

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, whose ninetieth birthday occurred on March 20th, as John Singer Sargent saw and painted him 17 years ago.



# The Current of Opinion

## Mudgunning in the Senate

**I**N the midst of such a mud-battle as has been going on in the Senate, with Democrats gunning for Republicans and *vice versa*—and “independents” gunning for both Republicans and Democrats—only one thing is perfectly clear, namely, that the chief aim of the oil investigation is not the defense of the public's interest, but the bemschirching of the other side.

We are enjoying a period of “government by clamor,” as one newspaper phrases it, or, to use the caption of another, “government by fright.” The clamor proceeds from fright, and the fright proceeds from a desire to remain in office and the fear of being ousted by the voters. Every four years the country is treated to a vote-catching exhibition of this nature, but seldom have the investigations become so frenzied and envenomed that character “assassination” is indulged in indiscriminately.

Meanwhile, what of the oil leases? We are no further along than we were three months ago when the hue and cry began. Barrage and counter-barrage of partisan insinuation, accusation and innuendo have volleyed and thundered. Not only the innocent bystanders, but the chief artillerists have been spat-tered with oily mud. Yet we know no more now than we did of the legality and propriety of the leases, nor of the good faith of the parties to the leasing.

Is it possible that when the tumult and the shouting dies we shall find these famous agreements were not simply perfectly legal, but were entered into in perfect good faith and with a nice regard for the best

interests of the nation? Is it possible that this entire investigation will prove to have been “sound and fury signifying nothing”?

The same Senate which has roared its denunciations of ex-Senator Fall's “nefarious” leases through the winter of 1924, approved them wholeheartedly in the winter of 1920 when they were in project. The *Congressional Record* reveals both parties unanimously adopting the leasing acts of February 1920. Nor was there any great discussion or argument over the amendment of June 4, 1920, which authorized the Secretary of the Navy to extract oil from naval reserve lands. The picture the Senate has freshly painted of itself as staunchly protecting the public lands from the oil exploiter and the grafting official, is slightly tarnished by these four-year-old recollections from the *Congressional Record*.

Even Secretary Daniels, recently depicted as the arch-foe of oil leases, is found to have begged permission from Congress to get out the oil from the naval reserves before it should be drained into nearby wells and lost forever. Indeed, the amendment of June 1920, authorizing the leasing of naval lands, was drafted originally by Mr. Daniels and only slightly altered before passage.

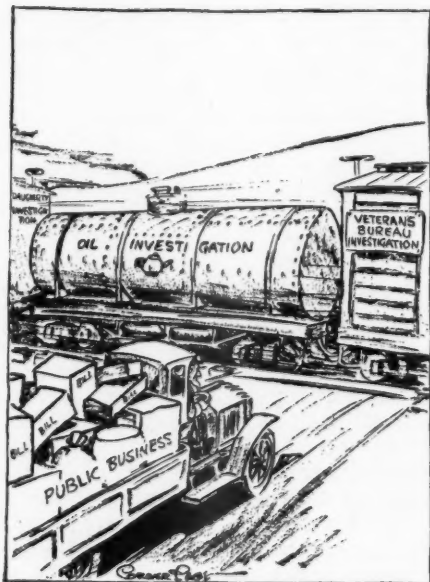
The fact of the matter is that oil in the black sands underground is of no use as an emergency reserve for our navy. First of all, it must be reached by well-drilling. Then it must be pumped to the surface and piped to the refineries, sometimes hundreds of miles. Finally it must be carried to strategic positions where it will be readily accessible to the navy, and there stored in great tanks.

These considerations need only to be stated to make intelligible the



POLITICAL PUSHBALL  
—Bushnell for Central Press Association.

Senate's ready acquiescence, in 1920, in the plan for leasing. Whether or not the leases subsequently made by ex-Secretary Fall with the Doheny companies in Cali-



FIND A DETOUR  
—Page in Louisville Courier-Journal.

fornia and the Sinclair organization in Wyoming were drawn with the care which should have been shown, remains to be seen. That is a question for the courts. Perhaps the leases went beyond the power conferred by Congress. Perhaps President Harding overreached his power as Chief Executive when he transferred the navy's oil lands to the Department of the Interior. All these are questions for the courts. If bribes influenced the granting of leases, the guilty officials should be punished—but only a court can determine their guilt.

Congress had good reason for adopting the plan of leasing oil lands in the public domain, and did approve it four years ago without reserve. Mr. Doheny has spent some millions of dollars to make navy oil available in an emergency in Hawaii. Mr. Sinclair has spent \$27,000,000 on a pipe line which brings Wyoming oil to refineries, and which has raised its value by making it accessible. He is said to pay sixty cents more per barrel for 20,000 barrels of royalty oil per day than he paid before he put in the pipe line. Both of these gentlemen seem to be prepared to prove that from their point of view the government got an extremely good "deal."

To the charge of Senator Walsh that "there was an essential difference" between the leases made by Secretaries Daniels and Payne—they leased all of naval reserve No. 2—and those made by Secretary Denby and the Doheny interests, Edward L. Doheny admits the truth of the charge in that "my leases have returned to the government 32 per cent. of all the oil drawn from the ground. The Daniels-Payne leases have returned to the government only 18 per cent."

All in all it can hardly be said that Congress has improved its reputation with the public by its conduct during the past three months.

Two small appropriation bills have been passed, both supplying funds for investigations (namely, for partisan, campaign-ammunition manufacturing purposes), but not one of the great supply bills has passed. If the present orgy of denunciation had accomplished anything, if it served any but a political purpose, if it did not actually slow up the work of the investigating committees themselves, some excuse might be found for it. But the Senatorial mud-gunning attempts nothing except to destroy the reputation of every man whose name is mentioned, even when it is obvious that he had no connection with the oil deals, and only a bowing acquaintance with the alleged "culprits."

"There will come a day," says the *New York Evening Post* (Ind. Rep.), "when Washington will recover its lost sanity. When that day comes the Senate of the United States will wish it might blot from its records all traces of Thursday, March 6, 1924. . . . Thursday capped the climax. That day two private telegrams from the President of the United States were read into the record. . . . Did these White House messages relate in any way to the oil scandal? They did not. . . . They were such messages as are sent as a matter of official routine and ordinary courtesy. . . . Hardly were they in the record before the filth-batteries of the Senate, manned by the mud-gunners, went into action. . . . The situation in the Senate has become impossible. . . . It is now the haunt of political gunmen. A wearied and resentful people are about ready to cry out to both parties: 'A plague on both your houses.'"

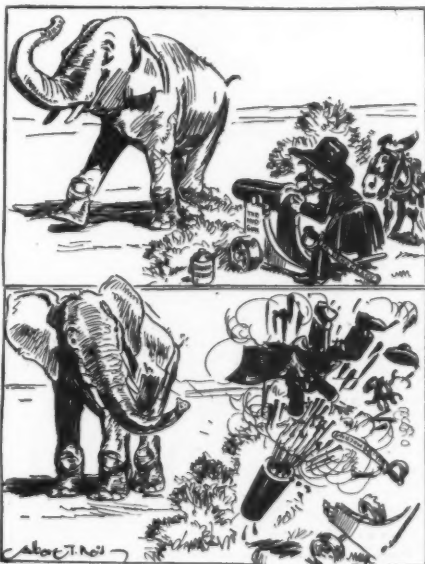
It is difficult for Americans to realize the light in which the oil investigation has placed their country from the world's view-point. But when we remember that our high idealism, our moral influence, has been extensively advertised as the



JUST AS HE WAS STARTING ON A LECTURING TOUR

—Kirby in *New York World*.

thing which will lead Europe out of its morass, we understand the cynical amusement with which our political bull-fight is regarded from abroad. We, too, are weary of so much noise—and nothing done. The press of the country is clamoring, virtually with one voice, for Congress to get down to business.



CHOOSE YOUR OWN WEAPONS, COLONEL

—Reid in *National Republican*

## Under Fire With Daugherty

**I**N the spring of 1920, some time before the Republican Convention which nominated Warren Gamaliel Harding, a public statement of how he would be nominated was given to the press by Harry M. Daugherty. Because the prediction proved to be uncannily accurate it has become the most famous of Mr. Daugherty's pronouncements—

"At the proper time, after the Republican National Convention meets, some fifteen men, bleary-eyed with loss of sleep and perspiring profusely with the excessive heat, will sit down in seclusion around a big table. I will be with them and will present the name of Warren Harding to them; and before we get through they will put him over."

Harry M. Daugherty is sixty-four years of age, and for thirty-five years he has been in the thick of political turmoil. He has been

accused of every sort of political misdeed, and never convicted. His friends boast that no man has ever been able to get anything on him. His enemies lament that he is too slippery for them to catch. Nothing, in any event, has ever been proved against him.

A Democratic Senator, Burton K. Wheeler, of Montana, rose in the Senate the other day and pointed the finger of denunciation at Mr. Daugherty, charging him with having done sundry things and omitted to do sundry other things. Senator Wheeler did not attempt at this time to prove them. He merely mentioned them, and promised to offer his proofs later on when he and the Attorney-General meet in the room of the committee which is to investigate Mr. Daugherty.

Then a number of Senators who have for years and years known as much about Mr. Daugherty as they now know, marched off to the White House to beg the President to demand his resignation from the Cabinet. As William Hard says, in *The Nation*, "what could be more tragic, what could be more ridiculous." It may be that Mr. Daugherty ought to resign without waiting to fight the thing out. It may be that it would benefit his party for him to resign under fire. But, having lived in Washington two years and repeatedly met Mr. Daugherty in Cabinet meetings, Calvin Coolidge knew everything of any consequence that there was to know about Mr. Daugherty last summer when he asked him to remain in his Cabinet. If President Coolidge and John T. Adams, chairman of the Republican National Committee, stand for Mr. Daugherty now, when all the rest of Republican Washington, on no new proved facts about Daugherty, turns against him, "they may be wicked men politically, but humanly they are the best of the lot."



WONDER WHEN HE'LL NOTICE IT  
—Ding in New York Tribune.





"SOUNDS LIKE DAUGHERTY!"

—Kirby in New York World.

## Congress Plays Peanut Politics

ON Tuesday, March 11th, when four days still remained for Congress to put through a reduction of taxes before March 15th, when the first instalment of income taxes became due, President Coolidge sent a message to Congress the four brief paragraphs of which have added appreciably to his prestige. They urged the immediate, unanimous passage of a resolution covering the 25 per cent. tax cut on personal incomes which all parties have agreed to, which Congress has now discussed for three months, and which the country had the right to expect of its representatives on or before income-tax payment day.

The taxpayers, the business interests, in fact, in the President's words, "all the elements that go to make up the economic welfare of the people of America," would have derived great benefit from such action, since it would have removed a factor of uncertainty and thereby would have stimulated business.

Reading behind the lines of the President's last paragraph a singu-

larly potent, dignified and quiet rebuke to Congress can be seen. Action on the 25 per cent. cut before March 15th, he wrote, "would be a positive step in the right direction which is much needed at this time to justify the confidence of the people that the government is intent solely on the promotion of the public welfare, without regard to any collateral objects."

The confidence of the people in the government has been dangerously undermined, and it has been undermined because Congress has not shown itself to be exclusively intent upon the promotion of the public welfare, but rather almost exclusively intent upon collateral objects. The collateral objects are the universal and unfailing collateral objects of politicians, promotion of their personal welfare, and the welfare of party, group or bloc, at the expense of other blocs and parties and the general welfare of the people of the United States.



NO WONDER COOLIDGE FAVORS A HEAVIER INHERITANCE TAX

—Ding in Springfield Republican.

Secretary Mellon submitted a scientific, balanced, non-partisan plan for tax reduction last December. The country hailed it with such obvious delight that Congress hastily climbed aboard the band-wagon. In essence Congress is not an organization devoted to saving or economizing the public money. It is a spending organization, made up of individuals who profit politically by the Federal taxpayers' money spent in their respective constituencies.



THERE'S MANY A SLIP  
—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

Nevertheless, face to face with an insistent and plausible Secretary of the Treasury, behind whom stood a determined Chief Executive, Congress yielded. Having yielded it endeavored to make a virtue of its yielding by attempts to improve upon Mr. Mellon's scheme.

When at last the 29th of February saw the revenue bill of 1924 through the House it was a thing of shreds and patches, likely to create a public deficit, and sure to require long discussion, conference and alteration before it passed the Senate.

The Treasury Department Chief estimates that in enacting this measure the House enacted a deficit of over 50 million dollars.

## An Ugly Mess in the Veterans' Bureau

A CRISIS is approaching in the affairs of the United States Veterans' Bureau. As one result of an inquiry by the Chicago Federal Grand Jury for February, which indicted John W. Thompson, a contractor, and Colonel Charles R. Forbes, former director of the Bureau, on charges of bribery and conspiracy in contracts for veterans' hospitals, two members, not officially named, of the House of Representatives are accused of accepting "certain sums of money" corruptly.

Political Washington, already suffering from a crisis of nerves because of the oil scandal, is pictured by the press as waiting breathlessly to see who is involved and how far-reaching the disclosures of graft will be. President Coolidge has ordered a special investigation, and stands back of the Chicago inquiry which he has urged Acting Attorney-General Seymour to conduct with "every diligence."

Almost from the date of its organization the Veterans' Bureau has been under fire. Charges and counter-charges have flown back and forth. Organizations of veterans have protested against conditions in hospitals. Committees have been appointed to examine and report, and reports in contradictory variety have been filed. The total effect of the agitation, however, has been to leave deeply impressed upon the public mind the idea that something or somebody is all wrong in the administration of the affairs of our disabled veterans.

Chiefly the battle has raged around the personality of Colonel Forbes. According to the New York Times, Colonel Forbes was a drummer-boy in the United States Marines at 12 years of age. Honorably discharged at 14, he was later rated as a deserter from the Signal



Corps, but reinstated. After a period of soldiering in the Philippines, he became Commissioner of Public Works in Hawaii, where he met and won the friendship of Warren G. Harding, then becoming Presidential timber. During the World War Forbes became a colonel, and acquired a Croix de Guerre and the Distinguished Service Medal.

Colonel Forbes succeeded Colonel Cholmondeley-Jones as head of the War Risk Bureau on April 28, 1921, shortly after Harding's inaugural, and on August 9th of the same year, when it had been decided to consolidate all the veterans' relief bureaus under the one head of the Veterans' Bureau, Colonel Forbes took control and had in his grasp an opportunity to make a national reputation for himself. About two years later, however, there came a day when he was sternly reprimanded by the President and dismissed.

A Senate committee then investigated. Its report, given to the public a few weeks ago, is replete with charges of incompetence, corruption, waste, extravagance and sheer debauchery against Forbes and many of his associates and subordinates. They are accused of having failed to compensate and rehabilitate disabled veterans; of having provided wholly inadequate and improper hospital accommodation; of harsh neglect, indifference and lack of sympathy toward individual cases needing relief.

Furthermore, numerous witnesses testified to the irregular life and questionable transactions of the officers of the Bureau. It was suggested that contractors had conspired to defraud the government of huge sums in connection with hospitals and supplies. General John F. O'Ryan, in a report to the Senate committee, asserts that Colonel Forbes was "the leading actor in this conspiracy."

Congress has appropriated more than two billion dollars for the re-

lief of disabled veterans. Their spokesmen want to know what has been done with that vast sum. They have a grievance and the nation has a grievance on their behalf and its own, if even one-tenth of the charges are verified by the investigation.

Meanwhile, it is pleasant to be able to record progress toward the cleaning up of the Bureau under the present director, Brigadier General Frank T. Hines. He has



KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF!

—Williams in New York American.

reported the number of disabled men rehabilitated as 56,726; employed 55,302; unemployed 1,424; still in training, 63,011; eligible for training, not yet begun, approximately 60,000. According to Director Hines the construction of hospitals has been speeded; three new ones are in operation, and four nearing completion. He further asserts that his field force has been instructed to try to find ways to give relief to disabled men, rather than to try to find ways not to do so, and to act promptly in all cases.

## Guarding the Gates Against Undesirables

THE struggle continues over the Johnson bill to restrict immigration to two per cent. of each national group domiciled here in 1890. The opposition comes mainly from certain groups of Southern and Eastern Europeans, and individuals representing them. Specifically the opposition comes from Congressmen representing districts in which compact blocks of Italians, Poles, Russians, Greeks and Slavs now reside.

Against these unassimilated and unassimilable peoples the proposed measure would discriminate. They all represent the newer immigration. Before 1890 the United States received mainly folk from northern and western Europe. Since 1890 the majority have come from southern and eastern Europe. By basing the quotas upon the 1890 census Italian immigration would be cut down from over forty thousand to under four thousand, the Russians from over twenty thousand to under two thousand, and the Poles from about twenty thousand to five thousand, admissible in one year. The new bill would not greatly reduce the number who would come in from the United Kingdom, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, France and Germany. These groups have made no protest against a measure which aims to cut the immigration total approximately in half, from about three hundred and sixty thousand to about one hundred and eighty thousand persons.

Mark Sullivan writes in the New York *Tribune* that the foreign colonies which resent the new bill are chiefly Italians and Russian Jews. These people keep up a continual clamor in Washington with the help of 22 New York Congressmen.

There is no blinking the fact that certain races do not fuse with us, and have no intention of trying to become Americans. The Poles, for example, are determined to remain Polish. No doubt this is good Polish patriotism, but it is very poor Americanism. The Polish Diet, as the Indianapolis *News* points out, has adopted a resolution asking the government to request the Holy See to use its influence with the Catholic hierarchy in the United States to permit the continued use of the Polish language in Polish Catholic churches and parochial schools. A dispatch from Warsaw declares that the resolution is part of an effort to stop "the systematic Americanization of the Poles"! Nevertheless, as the *News* declares, if we are to permit any Poles to come here in future, "the systematic Americanization" of them must continue.

Congressman John C. Box, of Texas, at one of the hearings of the Immigration Committee, read an official statement that last year more than 23 thousand aliens were certified by the Public Health Service as being physically or mentally defective, and that, in spite of this certification, 21 thousand of the number contrived to get in. They did it by means of organized pressure, telegrams, personal appeals, affidavits and other statements, di-



MOONSHINE  
—Dickey in *Sat. Eve. Post.*

rected at a board of review sitting in Washington. Congressman John E. Raker, of California, has proposed a provision for inclusion in the new bill making it punishable by a fine and imprisonment for a Congressman to appear before the board in any effort to secure the admission of an immigrant rejected at Ellis Island.

"During the past forty years," writes Secretary of Labor Davis, in the *New York Times*, "our laws have made every effort to bar from this country those who would lower our mental, moral or physical standard. For the past twenty years the law has denied admission to every diseased person, every imbecile, idiot, feeble-minded person, insane person, criminals and all of those likely to become public charges. Despite every effort to enforce the law, we find an extraordinary representation of these classes in our alien population."

Many members of Congress, according to Mark Sullivan, especially from the South and West, have grown so irritated with the dilatory tactics of the opponents of immigration restriction that they are minded to close the gates entirely for a period. There is a widespread sentiment throughout the country for a complete, or nearly complete, suspension of immigration until some arrangement can be made abroad to scrutinize our would-be citizens before they embark for our shores. Examination "at the source" has everything to recommend it. Examination after a long, costly journey, with possible rejection, has everything against it.

Between now and June 30th Congress must decide what to do about this momentous problem. On June 30th the present three per cent. quota law expires, and unless some other legislation has been enacted the flood gates will be down and a turgid sea of aliens will inundate our seaports.



REGULATE THE FLOW AT THE SOURCE  
—Page in Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Tantalizing the Filipinos

"ALTHOUGH they have made wonderful advances in the last quarter century the Filipino people are by no means equipped, either in wealth or experience, to undertake the heavy burden which would be imposed upon them with political independence. Their position in the world is such that without American protection there would be the unrestricted temptation to maintain an extensive and costly diplomatic service, and an ineffective but costly military and naval service. It is to be doubted whether with the utmost exertion . . . the people of the islands could maintain an independent place in the world."

Thus President Coolidge answered the Philippine Independence Mission's petition.

While President Coolidge's reply has met with general approval, it has also been strongly condemned in some quarters. For example, the



"HE'LL HAVE TO GROW A BIT TALLER"

—Temple in New Orleans Times-Picayune.

St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* finds imperialism perfectly exemplified therein. All sorts of specious reasons and excuses, typical of nations which hold weak native states in subjection, are found in the President's "labored disquisition."

Declaring that such an attitude "runs counter to our own fundamental political principles, and makes a scrap of paper of the Declaration of Independence," the *Post-Dispatch* adds editorially:

"The Filipinos' view of Filipino independence was our view of American independence in 1776, but our view of Philippine independence in 1924 is the view of the British Government touching American independence in 1776."

This, undoubtedly, is an appealing point of view, and one that has many adherents, Republican as well as Democratic. America does appear to be holding the islands against the collective will of the islanders. "The make-up of the Philippines Assembly indicates clearly enough," says the Brooklyn

*Eagle*, "that whatever the non-Christian tribes may think, the Tagalog population is pretty solid for what is called independence."

One of the President's reasons for refusing their prayer is that they have demonstrated their incapacity for self-government by their attitude of non-cooperation toward their Governor-General, Leonard Wood. The Filipinos, through their Legislature, have been trying to usurp his executive functions.

However, the reason for this failure to cooperate, says the Springfield *Republican*, in objecting to the President's letter to Manuel Roxas of the Philippine Mission, "is not necessarily native incapacity for self-government. It may be due to natural repugnance to foreign rule. The recent history of Ireland is instructive; so is the recent history of Egypt. . . . The political philosophy underlying the President's statement . . . is the political philosophy of Lord North and George III. The history of all movements for national independence in modern times disputes the soundness of the principle. . . ."

The latest Filipino development is a boycott of American goods, quite after the pattern of Mohandas Ghandi's Indian boycott of British goods. Whether this proposal will prove infectious amongst the islanders remains to be seen. If it becomes effective it may hasten the proposed grant of a slightly larger measure of self-government—but it is very unlikely to force the United States to bend the knee before a triumphant Filipino population.

Nevertheless, their eventual independence has been pledged over and over again. The Jones act, passed in August, 1916, declares that "it has always been the purpose of the people of the United States to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands as soon as a stable government can be established therein."



## A Dash of Dawes Over Europe

WITH a dash of bluff diplomacy, our own "Hell-and-Maria" Dawes has delighted Paris by declaring that "if the French were not in the Ruhr, we experts would not be here." Even Reginald McKenna, in England, states that the French occupation has convinced the German industrialists that there is "the necessity to pay." And these pronouncements are described by the *New York Evening Post*, now controlled by Cyrus Hermann Kotzschmar Curtis, as "breaking the hearts of Germanophiles." On the more practical question, however, what measures shall be taken to derive a payment of reparations from Germany, the experts are as yet discreetly silent. And over the speculations of correspondents, eager to cable home a readable story, we are inclined to be cautious.

Apparently, it is agreed that Germany must have a new "bank of issue." This means a bank which will issue a new currency, secured against gold. The bank would be under international control and it would be situated outside Germany either in Switzerland or in Holland. With the appearance of the new currency, the paper marks and all securities which are expressed in paper marks would disappear and Germany would begin life over again without a national, a state, or a municipal debt, and also without a mortgage or debenture on business and real estate. Whatever hardship on individuals may be implied in this drastic house-cleaning, there can be no doubt that it represents a tremendous clearance of Germany's war-burden.

That Germany is more settled than she was, may be seen from the

action of President Ebert who has dispensed with the services of General von Seeckt as dictator. And Ludendorff, as a simple and innocent-looking private citizen, has stood trial for the late "putsch" in Bavaria—his demeanor suggesting a plaintive and ill-used old man. The Crown Prince is quiescent and many Germans are spending so freely on luxuries that evidently the race of profiteers is not yet wholly extinct even in the distressed Fatherland.

If the industrial recovery of Germany were alone in question, the problem might be regarded, therefore, as solved. But there still arises the further question what reparations are to be exacted. In his dealings with General Dawes and in his correspondence with Ramsay MacDonald, Premier Poincaré has not receded an inch from his two main positions, namely that the total of reparations must continue to be 33 billion dollars, and that until this sum is paid, with interest, France must occupy the left bank of the Rhine and the Ruhr. M. Poincaré denies that this



TROUBLE IN THE NATIONAL CHEST

London *Punch* pictures Poincaré, with his stethoscope, listening to the labored breathing of the French franc, which has sunk very low. On March 18 the franc had rallied above 5 cents.

is annexation, but the British argue that the occupation, so defined, must be permanent, which comes to the same thing. On paper, then, there is no change in the diplomatic differences between France and Britain, but the advent of Macdonald has aroused great hopes of a more friendly understanding.

Under British pressure, Poincaré has abandoned his support of the Separatists in the Palatinat whose excesses had caused grave scandal, and an agreement has been signed over the railways in the British area of Cologne. Macdonald has indicated his willingness to guarantee France against German aggression, and he has proposed a new and vigilant search for German munitions of war. This is considered in Paris to be a welcome contrast to the airs of Lord Curzon—which at least is one point gained.

In France herself, things are not as they were. It is not only that Poincaré has lost the support of Belgium, where Premier Theunis, though still holding office, has been defeated over an economic treaty with France. With an election pending, Poincaré hears a call

for Clemenceau, and even for a Mussolini. And it is, perhaps, no wonder.

The financial situation is less alarming now that an American banking syndicate has exacted fiscal reforms in return for a loan of 100 million dollars. This loan it is hoped will be sufficient to stabilize the franc. The reforms involve the balancing of the entire internal budget, including expenditure on the reconstructed areas, but excluding the external debt. Pursuant to the loan, increased taxation has been forced through the French Senate. And, best of all, the concessions are thought to have included an acceptance in advance (though probably not in blank) of the recommendations of the Dawes committee of reparation experts.

□ □

## The British Soviet Experiment

**I**F Prime Minister Macdonald still dwells in Downing Street, it is because nobody wants to turn him out. As Viscount Grey puts it, each of the three British parties is in power as long as it is not in office. And this means that Macdonald depends for support first on the Socialists and Liberals against the Conservatives, and then on the Conservatives against the Socialists. Under the circumstances, it is no wonder, perhaps, that the Prime Minister should be suffering from insomnia and neuritis and should be inclined at times to address the House of Commons with a touch of asperity. As Foreign Secretary as well as Prime Minister and leader of the Commons, he is trying to do three men's work, and the Foreign Office alone was enough to drive Viscount Grey half-blind.

In Downing Street, Comrade Macdonald is learning all the secrets of



BITTEN WITH THE WANDERLUST  
—Smith for Newspaper Enterprise Association.



age-long British diplomacy. How far he shares with his friends these cherished archives is another matter. It is the Socialists from the Clyde who give him most trouble, and two of them, Havel Kirkwood and Tom Johnston, have been invited to Chequers for a week-end, that country mansion of Prime Ministers where the hottest head must needs cool down again to normal.

For Macdonald insists that Britain shall still maintain an air-service and a navy, and he has laid down 5 new cruisers and 2 destroyers on the Clyde. As to this, the Socialists are divided, one of them, Comrade Leach, urging that there should be "new excavations to raise the lid from the sarcophagus of the New Testament," while others are less concerned with the New Testament than with the prospect of work on the cruisers for the unemployed. Macdonald declares that the cruisers are only replacements of vessels, now obsolete, and that he never gave a pledge to allow the navy to disappear by wastage. "If the Empire is to be defended by Sermons on the Mount," cries General Seely for the Liberals, "God help us!" And the Admiralty gets the money, as does the Air Force, while Pacifists cry "shame!"

All along the line we find this same conflict between the ideal and the actual. While Russia is recognized, Macdonald must beware of her propaganda which might easily wreck his party. He has to tell his left wing that he intends to stand by the funding of the British debt to this country, and he has also to tell them that he has no intention of collecting the debts due to Britain from France, Italy and other Allies. When his colleague, Arthur Henderson, in fighting a seat at Burnley, declares for a revision of the Treaty of Versailles, which, according to *The Daily Herald*—the official organ of the Government—had been "a plank in Labor's plat-



THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF GERMANY

—Morris in Los Angeles Times.

form" for years, Macdonald has to throw him over, and, under compulsion of Lloyd George and Poincaré, toe the line with France. He has, however, reduced the British levy on German exports from 36 per cent. to 5 per cent., but this was only because the levy acted as a tariff and was, in fact, paid for the German by the British importer.

In finance, the Government has a strong position because Stanley Baldwin has bequeathed to Philip Snowden a surplus. But Macdonald has had to relegate the capital levy to the same position as protection, and this main proposal of Labor only survives as a committee to inquire into the national debt. Much to the uneasiness of the Tories, the policy of restricting rents is to be extended to 1928, and in "the city"—that is, among the bankers—the large loans which Macdonald needs to finance his housing schemes are much disliked.

Over India, also, there has been a lively discussion. The "reforms," now in force there, come up for extension in the year 1929. But the

Swarajists want to advance this date and obtain, here and now, a wider Constitution. With this desire the rank and file of Labor agree, but the Cabinet answers in the negative. An even bitterer pill has been a grant of public money to cotton-growers in the Soudan, which Socialists denounce because it is supporting private enterprise by state credit. Even Ireland may contribute to these cross-currents. The boundary between the Free State and Ulster has never been settled and, as usual, it is Ulster that shows a stiff upper lip. Yet if Macdonald tries to "coerce Ulster" he will arouse among the Tories a violent and calculated opposition which will be all the more formidable if Winston Churchill is elected for a constituency on Westminster as "an independent," whose business it is to denounce Socialists. There is thus a dash of humor in Macdonald's remark that he has no wish to retire on a pension, but will be glad, when the time comes, to return to "porridge and plain-ness."



FORGING ON AND ON  
—Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer

## Exit the Caliph

**S**TARTLING indeed is the news from Turkey. Mustapha Kemal and the Assembly at Angora have abolished the Caliphate at Constantinople; exiled the Caliph, Abdul Medjid Effendi; dispersed the wretched remnants of the harem, as maintained by his predecessors, the Sultans; seized "the pious foundations" or endowments of the Moslem faith, amounting to 500 million dollars; and established courts which will treat as treason to the Republic of Angora any propaganda in favor of restoring "the Commander of the Faithful and the Shadow of God upon earth." Even a plea by Mustapha for mercy to 35 penniless princesses of the deposed House of Othman was greeted by cries of "No. We must not stop half-way." So vanishes the temporal power of Islam. It is somewhat as if Italy were to seize the Vatican, its treasures and its endowments, and were to expel the Pope and his entire retinue to Switzerland. Catholics throughout the world would be acutely sensible of the outrage. And that is the feeling aroused among 200,000,000 Moslems, in India, in Egypt, in Morocco and other countries.

The Turks argue that, in the Koran, there is no hint of the Caliphate and that the Caliphate cannot be reconciled with republican institutions. And when we remember the hideous massacres, promoted within these now desolate palaces; the degradation of innumerable women; the luxurious scandals; the concealed cruelties—we cannot but welcome the whiff of modernism which has swept from the earth what has become an evil nightmare. The influence that triumphed over them is American. Halide Hanoum, Minister of Education in Turkey, and Mrs. Kemal are

graduates of Robert College, Constantinople. It is that enlightenment which has transformed Turkey. Throughout Turkish society, it has worked like leaven.

It is, however, idle to pretend that Islam will accept the verdict. The Moslem, say in India, saw nothing of the dark side of the Caliphate, which was to him a symbol of the divine. To such a man, this drastic disestablishment and disendowment is blasphemy. That is the view also of Moslems under French rule. There is thus talk already of a Moslem conference, representing all nations, at which a new Caliph would be chosen.

There are several candidates in the field. Chief among these is Hussein, King of the Hedjaz, who governs Mecca, has sent Dr. Fuad Shatar as his representative to Washington, and would like to add Trans-Jordania and Mesopotamia to his realm. Then there are those who would recognize ex-Sultan Mohammed VI., deposed in November, 1922, but his age and ill health are obstacles. King Fuad of Egypt is another aspirant, and yet a fourth is the Sultan of Morocco. A fifth of these dark horses is the Emir of Afghanistan.

The Kemalists regard the rivals with complacency, only stipulating that whoever be the new Caliph, he shall not be mentioned in the prayers of any Turkish mosque. Many of these mosques are to become schools, and the teaching is to become western, not Islamic. It is not believed, however, that the bar against religious education will be imposed upon American institutions which are, after all, the origin of an intellectual renaissance in Turkey, comparable apparently with the rise of new Japan. These institutions will be allowed, in all probability, to continue their work. Alarm is still felt for the safety of the Armenians, and their spokesmen have again memorialized Congress.

## Working Toward Disarmament

THE world still pursues the ideal of disarmament. British Labor is apparently determined to sidetrack the fortification of Singapore, one result being the resignation of Earl Beattie from the Admiralty in London. Under the League of Nations, the smaller naval powers have been meeting to complete the agreements which the larger powers entered into at Washington. The discussions have been useful if not entirely conclusive. The Scandinavian countries have had no difficulty in arriving at a schedule of naval units, and Greece is ready to limit herself to what Turkey proposes—which at present is nil. Also, "the A B C"—of Latin America—have been reasonable enough. But Spain does not like her tonnage to be reckoned on the Latin-American basis, while Russia requires 490,000 tons of battleships which the other powers consider to be excessive. Russia argues that she has to defend four seas, and her claim is in any case theoretical only. No one supposes that Bolshevism can now or will be able within measurable time to equip any navy which will threaten other nations.

At Geneva, the difficult question of poison gases and aeroplanes is under discussion, with Minister Joseph C. Grew "observing" for the United States. Secretary Hughes does not think that the time has yet come for a second Washington Conference on Land Armaments, and he has defended his refusal to ratify the Treaty of St.-Germain which forbids the export of munitions.

**For An Important Publishers' Announcement See Page vi of the Advertising Section. 3 3**

## Listening In

### A Broadcast of Significant Sayings

**H**E was a man of the people, indulging no consciousness of superiority, incapable of arrogance, separated from them neither by experience nor pride nor by eccentricity. Nothing human was alien to him, and he had the divine gift of sympathy.

He wrought mightily for the prosperity of the nation and the peace of the world, but he clothed the exercise of power in a beautiful garment of gentleness.—*Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes's tribute in the Senate to President Harding.*

**E**UROPE'S new financial "aristocracy" is made up of war-profiteers, provision dealers and the like. Until they learn to desire and to support the expressions of art, European artists will live under conditions of intolerable hardship.

America's financial leadership is likely to lead to her becoming the world's art center. In the future, it is not unlikely that students of music may come to this country to make their débuts, as American aspirants have gone in past years to European capitals to launch themselves.—*Fritz Kreisler, famous Austrian violinist.*

**W**HICH of the nations got most out of the war?—the United States of America! They got Prohibition out of it! —*David Lloyd George, a "dry" convert since his visit to America.*

**M**ORALISTS, with their cry of "do good to others," have got hold of the wrong end of the stick. The most effectual way of doing good to others is to mind your own business—the most effectual but the least showy, for there is nothing in it to indicate to the passerby that you are a philanthropist. Your conduct will

commend itself only to those who honor good done in secret. Assuredly there is no form of "social service" comparable to that which one can render by doing his job to the very best of his ability. The enemies of society are those who scamp their jobs. Nothing makes you despise a man so completely as the sight of him scamping his job.—*L. P. Jacks, great English pedagogue and journalist.*

**Y**OU can take part, in the privacy of your chamber, in the things about which the world all around you is agog.

... Subtle wireless! First it flatters you, telling you that you are a scientist; then it deceives you, telling you that you are in a company; then it lulls you, telling you that you are alone. But really you are not alone; you are one with the crowd spirit, and are brought out of your perhaps priggish solitude to share in the homely cheer that is making thousands of your fellows

**C**ELLS, whether in animal or plant life, possess intelligence. Cells are infinitely small, yet each contains a hundred million particles that I call "little people." I believe these little people are immortal. They go consciously about it to reproduce the forms of life in which they appear. So long as everything is congenial and satisfactory the little people remain together. When conditions are no longer satisfactory and the little people become dissatisfied with their partnership, the individual man who is housing them becomes tired of life. He believes he himself has lost interest, but the little people are the ones who have lost interest and want to move out!—*Thomas A. Edison.*

glad. That, if you have too great a tendency to solitude, too sensitive an instinct to escape from what is common, is surely good for you.—*Filson Young, British editor and journalist.*

**O**UR traffic is twentieth-century traffic in speed, nature and quantity; our roads are stolidly nineteenth-century—or earlier; our pedestrians are sempiternal and innumerable. Is it to be wondered at that chaos has come again, produced by the very improvements we boast about?

We are suffering, so to speak, from too much perfection. The social body is in much the same state. Our machine industry, our credit system and centralized power are demiurgic forces disposed to run wild. They need to be coordinated if



they are not to destroy each other, and mankind with them.—*George Sampson, British critic.*

**A** DIPLOMAT is the servant of his government. He must obey its instructions, though he may often soften its asperities. The old diplomacy was not all bad—here are some of its maxims:

Never write or say anything that may offend. Never write or speak it you feel irritated or indignant, however righteous you may think your indignation, for you are likely to offend the other party and regret it.

Never create incidents.

Always give your opponents credit for good faith.

Never do anything very secret nor very clever; it always lands you in trouble.—*Sir Esme Howard, new British Ambassador to the United States.*

**F**OR all the centuries we know of—and possibly during that mistier period of pre-history—man has protested, not so much against death as against old age. But Nature merely laughed. Nature has a brutal sense of humor. She might have divided man's life-span into childhood, youth, and a long maturity ending with sudden death. Instead she amused herself by humiliating and discouraging him with a long period of gradual decay, during which he has little to do but meditate upon the futility of having lived at all, or, if religious, console himself with the prospect of immortality.

But even religion is a poor consolation for the brief time given him on earth to accomplish all his desires, ambitions and even duties; to realize his endowments, to learn both wisdom and the nature of his possibilities, before he is forced over the top on to the down-grade of senes-

cence. It is said that for the last two thousand years the aristocrats of Indo-China have possessed the secret of renewing their youth by transplanting the generative gland of the goat into the human body. Before long it will be as much of a commonplace to be rejuvenated as to have a tooth filled or to use a tonic for falling hair.—*Gertrude Atherton, famous novelist.*

**N**EARLY every calamity is man-made. The world is in no more danger than

ever it was, except from foolishness. There is no trouble except an increase in folly. So the remedy seems to be simple: turn the crazy men out. There are plenty of sane people; certainly they make up a majority of three to one. It is inexcusable for twenty-five lunatics to manage the affairs of seventy-five sane men, but that is what is being done in the world today.—*E. W. Howe, the Kansas philosopher.*

**E**VERYBODY discontented; some people feeling the need of a

God; other people hurrying away to strange shrines and to ghostly things. A conscience roused and sharpened to finer discernment. Sorrow in every street, and in all those sorrow-stricken homes they are groping for comfort. I scarcely meet anybody who is enjoying the comfort of an undisturbed and thornless repose. Discontent is everywhere and I welcome it. It is favorable to Jesus. It is a people made ready, prepared for Him.—*Dr. J. H. Jowett, celebrated English clergyman, in a sermon just before his recent death.*

**R**ELIGION is caught—not taught.—*William Ralph Inge, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England.*

**T**O stamp out and flatten all those interesting diversities of temperament which lead men to follow their Gods by different paths (or rather to address them in different manners, for following is not, as a rule, what we do)—this would be a stupid enterprise indeed, but one, fortunately, impossible of achievement.

Jews worshipping Jehovah in synagogues on Saturdays, Presbyterians refusing to play or work on Sundays, Christian Scientists, with their belief in the Great Divine Ignorance, Ethicists thinking highly, Evangelicals saved by faith, Catholics believing they have the truth, Quakers silently listening for the voice of God, Plymouth Brethren refusing mince-pies at Christmas—what a moving pageant of the human spirit is here!

Let us, by all means, unite all these bodies of people, in whatever bonds charity and good sense may demand, but let us take heed that such bonds shall not, even slightly, cramp their style.—*Rose Macaulay, famous British novelist.*

# Harry Ford Sinclair

## Looking Cool Amid the Steam from Teapot Dome

**M**ONEY and oil. Nearly everything about Harry Ford Sinclair's name suggests them. He has shot up into the financial firmament like a comet, leaving a blazing trail of adventure and achievement, fabulous luck, courage, and energy for the admiring multitude to gaze upon. In a few short years he has become a world power, more influential in the far places of the earth than many monarchs. As Paul Y. Anderson states observantly, in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, he is big money functioning smoothly and powerfully in oil.

Beneath the pulsing ease with which Sinclair functions one instantly perceives his tremendous driving force. Here, records the biographer, is power

that might jolt and pound and smash things terrifically. Under the smooth cheeks one sees the muscular jaw. Through the gloss one recognizes the granite. In this locomotive of a man, with the heavy bald head, is observed to be a hard, aggressive ruthlessness, conveying the impression that he will come near getting what he wants.

One would enjoy hearing an idealist trying to prove to Sinclair that the worth-while things of life cannot be bought. His power is felt in Moscow, in Tokio, in Lisbon. It has been felt in every small nation on the continent of South America. It leaves its imprint in the African jungle, in the thickets of Costa Rica, and in the frozen soil of Saghalin. In Albania he has been offered a kingdom. Did he aspire socially? His Long Island palace is frequented by the *haute monde* in our democracy. Sport? He helped found a baseball league, and he is the owner of Zev, besides an extensive stable, Rancocas, in New Jersey. In April 1917 he bought a beautiful estate at Great Neck, L. I., and a year later acquired a town house at Seventy-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, New York.

Yet, sitting aboard his private car or his sumptuous yacht, dining with foreign secretaries, or gazing over the vast forest of his derricks, he can remember the day when a salesman would not give him credit for \$2.50 worth of drug labels. He can recall when his neighbors, the old neighbors of his industrious parents, put him down as a ne'er-do-well, and shook their heads at his lack of business sense.

Sinclair was born in Wheeling, W. Va., but moved with his parents to Independence, Kan., when he was 6 years old. There his father became the leading druggist of the town. John Sinclair is remembered as a solid man, a frugal man. He knew the drug busi-



HERO—OR VILLAIN—OF TEAPOT DOME  
Once on a time Harry F. Sinclair could not  
get credit for \$2.50 worth of drug labels.



ness, and he knew it to be a good business. There are no stories about how young Harry conceived and executed coups which brought into his possession all the marbles and tops in the community. These legends, no doubt, will appear later when those romantic liars, the historians, get to the work. If the youthful Sinclair became celebrated for his daring and his adventurousness, the fact has not come down.

What he did do, like a dutiful Kansas stripling, was to attend the State University to take a course in pharmacy. John Sinclair was preparing his son to take over the business when he became of age. The young man, duly graduated, did so, but couldn't make a go of it. By the time he was 25 he had run through with all the money left by his father, and acquired such a poor reputation in the trade that when he ordered \$2.50 worth of gummed labels the printer wouldn't deliver them until he had the cash. Finally he lost the store.

Having no business and no job to worry about, he decided to go rabbit hunting with the deputy sheriff, and while crawling through a barbed-wire fence accidentally discharged his gun into his left foot, so that a toe had to be amputated. His fortunes seemed to have reached the low ebb, and so, in fact, they had, but he had an accident insurance policy and the company is said to have paid him \$5,000. When he had paid the doctors and was able to walk, he cast around for a way to invest the remainder, and decided to put it into "mud silles," the big logs which form the foundations for oil derricks. It proved to be a paying game, and he made more money. Naturally, he formed acquaintances among oil men, and one of these advised him to "get in on" a pool that was being formed to drill near Kiowa, Oklahoma. By this time, it seems, Harry had decided to abandon the cautious habits inculcated by his father, which had made his son such a wretched failure in the drug store, and he plunged. He put all he had into the Oklahoma ven-

ture. It was a big success. A large well was brought in. Sinclair made \$100,000 as his share. From that day to this he has never been "broke."

Displaying for the first time that hard canniness which has so conspicuously marked his later enterprises, Sinclair leapt from nation to nation back and forth across the world. He was always turning up in unexpected places just in time to close a deal before the pack of his competitors arrived on the scene. Luck and judgment have never deserted him, and are unlikely to desert him in the Teapot Dome inquiry.

Having become a duly accredited millionaire, fifteen or more years ago, Sinclair was in a position to become a real oily oil man, just as some other men are real dirt farmers. He began to acquire flowing wells. His derricks sprouted on the fields of Oklahoma and elsewhere. He obtained a concession in Costa Rica covering three provinces, with the privilege of retaining 1,000,000 acres. In Panama he got the right to explore a territory 15 miles deep the entire length of both coasts, with the privilege of retaining 1,250,000 acres.

The ruthless force was driving forward irresistibly. It moved on to Africa. In Angola, Portuguese West Africa, Sinclair obtained a fabulous concession, consisting of a strip of territory 30 miles in depth, and stretching for 400 miles along the South Atlantic coast; merely for prospecting purposes he shipped \$500,000 worth of drilling equipment.

For some time the student of the Sinclair method had been able to discern the growth of a certain faculty which seems to have contributed greatly to his success—the faculty of "getting the edge." There are some who are fond of picturing Sinclair as a gambler, a man who is willing to stake a fortune on a throw of the dice. Maybe he was like that when he put his all into the Kiowa pool. But one entertains a sly thought that Sinclair was that rarest of men—the one who knew when to quit with his winnings

and put them into surer things. One suspects that he learned the value of what professional gamblers call "the percentage."

He is not found taking rash chances thereafter; chances he took, to be sure. But when he was discovered drilling down into the ground he invariably had a good deal more than mere hope to justify his belief that it contained something more combustible than well water. The percentage was always on his side. The percentage is probably on his side in the case now being brought against him by Messrs. Pomerene and Roberts at the request of President Coolidge. Harry Sinclair testified time and again for a year before the Senate investigating committee, and each time he denounced the inquiry as "all politics." If it was not politics let them bring an action and settle the thing in court. Why delay?

Apparently he is prepared to show in court that the government obtained an

extraordinarily good bargain, that his lease redounds far more to the advantage of the navy and the nation than to Harry F. Sinclair. If, as events may demonstrate, he has spent millions patriotically to prevent the Teapot Dome "pool" from drainage from outside, to lay pipe lines and build storage tanks, and to place refined oil in strategic locations for the navy's benefit—what a fiasco the Senate's whole inquiry will have become! Of course, it may develop otherwise, but the public cannot be blamed for hoping that so outstanding an example of all the virtues of energy, vigor and enterprise, which we are accustomed to associate with America's self-made men, will be able to clear himself of all the charges of bribery and treachery against him. Some, perhaps all, of those charges are, as he says, "all politics." His whole demeanor is expressive of unbounded confidence that the outcome of his trial will completely vindicate him.

## Alexis Ivanovitch Rykoff

*Succeeding Lenin in Moscow, He is Invalided to the Caucasus*

ALEXIS IVANOVITCH RYKOFF has succeeded Lenin as President of the Council of Commissars in Russia. And all calculations of what he might or might not have achieved are upset by the curious announcement that, on taking office, a number of doctors were consulted as to his health, who issued a bulletin, advising an immediate rest cure in the Caucasus mountains, where also Trotzky happens to be compulsorily recuperating his health. In other words, Rykoff, on becoming Prime Minister, is declared to be as much an invalid as was Lenin. Doubtless, he will live in comfort, but it will be at a distance; he is unable to do one deed or say one word except through others. And in the Caucasus we see a kind of Soviet Siberia, a province of polite exile, a lethal chamber, the Russian variant of the guillotine, where the apostles of the movement

are canonized in advance of the celestial regions.

To the real rulers of Russia, the name of Rykoff is useful. Like Lenin, who towards the end was no more than a name, Rykoff is neither a Pole nor a Jew, but a Russian by birth; and this helps. His origin was humbler than Lenin's, but, trained as an engineer, he became an economist and an intellectual and he surveys the world with keen yet meditative eyes, set in a long, almost Spanish countenance—pale of complexion, framed by black hair and adorned by an imperial goatee and a moustache. Rykoff is an administrator. He enjoys detail and revels in portfolios of papers and files of statistics. In opinion, he is a moderate; and in ability, mediocre. He is not eloquent. He is not vindictive. He is not bloodthirsty. And after wrestling with the impossible program of Communism, he

has lost any illusions on the subject that he ever had.

It was Rykoff who in January told the Bolsheviks that they were confronted by an utter failure in industry. The Communists to-day shiver at Canossa, awaiting the pardon of Capital.

What a recital it was! Rykoff explained how, of Russia's manufactures, seven-tenths are consumed by 20,000,000 persons who live in cities, while five times that number, who live in villages, have to be content with the other three-tenths. This is because the price of manufactures is high, while the price of grain is low, which means that the farmers are too poor to afford the ordinary comforts of life. In 1922, the output of factories in Russia was only one-fifth of the output before the war. And while there was an improvement in 1923, the output is still only 35 per cent. The railways are beginning again to run; but even now a third of the rolling stock is useless. The very abundance of last year's harvest is an embarrassment, and Rykoff proposed that 70,000,000 poods of grain (about a million tons) be purchased by the state for export. Rykoff had to confess that customers liked private shops better than the retail stores run by the state. "We must," he said, "make less profit and give better service. We must undersell the private merchant"—all of which ends the Socialist dream of Lenin and his fellow fanatics.

If, then, Rykoff is honorably banished to the Caucasus, who is to-day running Russia? H. G. Wells, who visited Moscow in 1920, and found Lenin to be "an extraordinarily fragile little thing" with an "amusing Mongolian face," argues that his death makes no difference. Like the Roman Church, the Soviets may change their Pope, but they will go on just the same. The Triumvirate in Russia to-day consists of Stalin, Kamenev and Zinoviev. And these are the men who will use Rykoff, as they used Lenin, as a voice, governing in his name. But powerful as is

the Triumvirate, there has arisen in Russia an even more dreaded authority, not unknown under the Czar. That authority is the secret police or "Cheka." Never even in Spain did the Inquisition wield a more absolute scepter. And the man who forged this weapon afresh was Dzerzhinsky. He has been described as a Communist Torquemada, an executioner yet a saint, a kindly and honest fanatic who, without a moment of compunction, sends his victims to prison, to hard labor, to torture, to slow death. This man lives within his official rations and he has been the implacable foe of graft, especially on the railroads. It is he who succeeds Rykoff as controller of Russian industry. "More than one official of the Metal Trust," writes Walter Duranty from Moscow, to the *New York Times*, "has seen a great light in the last few days, got rid of his auto and lady friends, boarded the water-wagon resolutely and appears at the office at 9 A. M. sharp, wearing a modest worker's blouse, breeches and high boots." The theorist in Rykoff is now remote; the policeman in Dzerzhinsky is on point duty. He is a Communist of the Communists who is determined to see that Communism is fairly applied.

For the Communist Party is to-day fighting for its life. Its membership has fallen from 800,000 to 286,000—this in an empire of at least 120,000,000 inhabitants. The Prime Ministership of Rykoff means that an oligarchy, which becomes the more desperate as it dwindles, will use his mild personality in order to camouflage a tyranny over individuals which strikes to earth anyone who may be suspected of espionage or disaffection. The punishment for politics which, years ago, George Kennan described, is in full force to-day and no man in Russia is safe from espionage, that engine of oppression which Bolshevism has rendered more efficient than it was before the revolution. It is the Cheka that has exiled Trotzky and it is the Cheka that holds Rykoff in the hollow of its hand.

# Nicholas Longworth

## A Contradictory Floor-Leader of Congress

**D**ESPITE the fact that he is Republican floor-leader of the House of Representatives, is a son-in-law of the late and great Theodore Roosevelt, and is, in length of Congressional service, excelled by only nine members of the House, Nicholas Longworth has had few journalistic biographers who have regarded their subject with proper depth and seriousness of thought. A rich man by inheritance, it is neverthe-

less and all the more significant that he presumably is loved by the rank and file of folks such as constitute the voting strength of these United States, including Ohio. His district—the first Ohio, in which Cincinnati is located—is full of them, and they have sent him to Congress for ten consecutive terms. Of the nine other Congressmen who have excelled him in continuity of favor with their constituents, eight are conservatives. Where does Longworth stand?

Professing to take the Republican floor-leader quite seriously, a Washington correspondent, William Hard, observes, in *The Nation*, that Longworth voted for the farm bloc bills in the last session of Congress, while the farm bloc was supposed by all good banks and chambers of commerce east of the Mississippi—and by many of them west of it—to be engaged in undermining and collapsing the republic. Moreover, he voted for the bonus—and voted for it over President Harding's veto—while all the great forces of what is technically known as "organized wealth" were visiting upon the bonus their sternest disapproval. Furthermore, in 1917, Representative Longworth, in the course of the passage of the revenue bill of that year, endeavored earnestly to insert into the bill a provision for putting heavier taxes on the unearned incomes of the lolling rich than on the earned incomes of the toiling poor. Two years later he led in the "insurgency" which prevented the Old Guard in the House from electing James R. Mann of Illinois to be Speaker.

The same Longworth to-day, as floor-leader, has had to choose between making concessions, on the one hand, to the Republican progressives and, on the other, to the Democrats who, most of them, we are reminded, are much more



HE DOESN'T ALWAYS WEAR SPATS  
Nicholas Longworth is as popular with his fellow Congressmen as his wife, formerly Alice Roosevelt, is with Washingtonians at large.



conservative than the Republican progressives. He has chosen to make concessions to the latter and has received their militant leader into the House governing class, known as the Committee on Rules.

*The Nation* correspondent appraises Longworth as a conservative who, in order to save some conservatism, would never hesitate to abandon some of it. In other words:

"He is not a 'last ditch' or 'die hard' or 'rule or ruin' conservative. He is too sophisticated to think that any of the matters now in Congress are life-and-death matters in the history of the republic. He knows very well that they are not. He knows also that certain so-called progressive measures are demanded not merely by the argument that a certain number of tubs must be thrown to the pursuing progressive whale, which might otherwise climb on board the ship of state, but also by their own merits as sound measures. He favors, for instance, a drastic increasing of inheritance taxes. He further is able at will to be extremely profound in his speeches. A recent speech of his in favor of stopping the issuing of tax-exempt securities is so profound that he has been observed to seem oppressed while reading it over again himself. It is full of statistics and it is deep—very deep."

Scrutinizing his faults, this writer observes that no matter how deep Longworth becomes he cannot become solemn. "There is in him a total void at the spot where the American statesman keeps usually that priceless possession of his: a talent for a solemnity which would make the British House of Commons flee to the tea terrace."

Another fault is that he was born of a distinguished family, is rich, and lives accordingly, and likes it, and has too much sincerity to pretend that he does not like it or that he is living otherwise. He accordingly, besides bearing the burden of being accused of being amusing, bears the even heavier burden of being accused of being an aristocrat.

He is also an artist. He knows music, pursues music, performs music;

and he does it with the zeal and with the skill of an adept—or addict.

His playing of the violin is a streak of civilization across a scene of committee hearings, reported bills, debates on the politics of them, dinner parties on the politics of them, and more committee hearings and more reported bills.

A wit, an aristocrat, an artist.

Yet he has a faculty somehow for getting called "Nick"; and also, somehow, when Mondell, Republican floor-leader in the last session of the House, retired from it to run for the Senate, people began of their own motion to go toward "Nick" to ask him to take the job. Longworth himself is said to have been motionless about it. He conducted no campaign for himself for the floor-leadership. He went on making jokes at serious moments and wearing spats.

In the matter of the spats he is rumored to have been saved by none other than Senator La Follette. Several Representatives who were laboring most diligently to accumulate votes among their fellow-Representatives for Longworth for floor leader came to him one day and said, according to Hard:

"You won't mind if we talk to you on a serious subject?"

"I'd like you to," said Longworth.

"It's this," said they. "We find there is a great deal of criticism of you about your clothes and particularly about those spats. Now we want to ask you: Wouldn't you be willing to give up wearing spats? It would help us a lot."

"Well," said Longworth, "will you first do something for me?"

"Certainly," said they.

"It's this," said Longworth. "Go over to the Senate and see La Follette."

"And say what?"

"Oh, anything. Just go over and have a talk with him."

They went. In fifteen minutes they were back.

"It's all right," they said. "He was making a speech and we just took one look at him. You're saved."

"I thought so," said Longworth.



"May I continue to wear my spats?"

"You may," said his friends and went out to publish their discovery. Robert M. La Follette wears spats too.

As floor-leader, Longworth already is, and probably increasingly will be, a negotiator of compromises both as to parliamentary methods and as to legislative acts. His enemies have been known to say that he has no convictions. His friends have been known to say that he has no fanaticism. The truth is that he has an Horatian hu-

mor, it is asserted. Between the two assertions, we are told: "He has levity and sanity. He has a sense of the laughable mingling of contradictory principles in life as lived and a sense of the ridiculousness of extremes. If he thinks the extremist clamors of the progressive faction ridiculous, he thinks the extremist alarms of his own conservative faction ridiculous likewise. He is amusing and amused; and he bids fair to continue to be an amused conservative 'moderate.'"

## Zaghloul Pasha, of Egypt

### *A New Power in the Land of the Pharaohs*

**I**N their method of running an empire, the British are a continual surprise. In Downing Street, they install a Socialist as Prime Minister. Ireland they hand over to Sinn Fein. South Africa is ruled by once hostile Generals of the Boer Army. And the Prime Minister of an "independent" Egypt is none other than Zaghloul Pasha, an extreme anti-Briton, who, with his friends, was deported from the country, only a year or two ago, first to the Seychelles Islands and later to Gibraltar. This man is now at the head of the Cabinet in Cairo. Out of 129 seats in the Egyptian Parliament, he holds 114. And the British proceed with the utmost courtesy to release from prison about 145 of his friends, only excepting those whom Zaghloul himself would prefer to keep under lock and key. Everything else, except Mr. Carter's impious investigation of King Tut-ankh-Amen's corpse, goes on exactly as before! It is, indeed, the historian's comedy.

In order to understand the amazing popularity of Premier Zaghloul, you must realize that it was not only the British who conquered Egypt. Just as the Normans imposed the Feudal System on Saxon England, so the Turks have dominated Egypt as an aristocracy, an often cruel and oppressive

aristocracy, who robbed and who flogged the fellahen or peasantry, reduced the taxation to graft for themselves, and brought the country to the verge of bankruptcy. The first fact about Zaghloul is that he was born a true Egyptian, not a Turk; he is of fellah descent; he is a man of the people, one of themselves; and he has refused to confer the title of pasha on two of his Ministers who had yet to attain to it. Zaghloul is thus the nearest parallel that you will find in Egypt to a Ramsay MacDonald. It is not only a Nationalist Government that he is leading. It is also a popular, almost a Labor Government. The Turco-Egyptian aristocrats have been swept for a time into private life.

Whether King Fuad likes it is quite another matter. He belongs to the House of Mehemet Ali, a Turkish general and Governor of Egypt who rose to fame a hundred years ago. His interests are bound up with the Turkish nobles. Indeed, it was a part of the British strategy to play off King Fuad and his high society against the "Wafd" or movement led by Zaghloul. As an oriental, King Fuad has yet to become accustomed to receiving "constitutional advice." It is one thing to obey orders from Lord Allenby, representing Britain. It is quite another



"THE FIRE-BRAND OF EGYPT"

Zaghoul Pasha is the first native Prime Minister in the land of the Pharaohs since Cleopatra reigned.

thing to obey orders from a subject who happens to be a minister in office of lowly origin. The Turkish party in Egypt has depended hitherto upon the prestige of the Ottoman Empire, set forth in the person of the Sultan and Caliph at Constantinople. That prestige was damaged during the war. And it has been annihilated by the action of Kemal Pasha who has driven one Sultan into exile and reduced his successor to a purely spiritual office. This means that the Pan-Islamic movement is crushed and that Egypt must be developed, not as a religious force but as a nation. It also means that the Turco-Egyptians cannot resist Zaghoul.

Zaghoul is now about 66 years old. He is a graduate of the Moslem University of El-Azhar which was founded by the great Saladin, and as an advocate he rose to the head of the Egyptian bar.

He has served as a Judge and as a Minister of Education, winning the respect even of so exacting a critic of men as Lord Cromer. Whether he can be fairly described as the Mazzini of Egypt is doubtful, for he has not created any international philosophy. Nor is he either a Gandhi or a De Valera, being more of a politician than either. While he has had his quarrel with Britain, he is to-day retaining in the Civil Service of Egypt many pro-British officials whose integrity he values. It is indeed a happy accident that Zaghoul should have to deal with a Labor Government. It will make it easier for him to accept that minimum of British suzerainty which is represented by a control of the Soudan, a quiet scrutiny of finance, an adjustment of irrigation along the Nile, which river, of course, flows

through territories far south of the Egyptian frontier, and an indirect management of Egyptian railways and other communications, including the Suez Canal. With Zaghoul in office, these unobtrusive interferences arouse less resentment. No one knows better than he that Egypt is to-day one of the richest countries in the world. She is rich only because she is well administered. It is the health, the security, the comforts of Egypt which attract innumerable visitors to her shores.

Zaghoul wears a fez, but otherwise his frockcoat may be described as mid-Victorian.

His wife is dressed and lives in the western style and has been called "the mother of the nation"—the first lady of the land. Their home is furnished in that French manner which is so frequently affected in Egypt.

# Treasures of the Morgan Library

## *A Princely Gift to American Scholars*

THE story is told that early on the morning, a few weeks ago, when newspapers announced that J. Pierpont Morgan had given to the public the library adjoining his residence at Madison Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street, New York City, an elderly gentleman, carrying newspapers, rang the entrance bell at the Renaissance pile on Murray Hill. When a uniformed attendant answered the bell, the man was

about to walk right in. The attendant, however, barred the way. "What do you want?" he asked. "I want," the man replied simply, "to come in and read my papers. Isn't this a public library now?" Upon being informed that the library was not public in just the sense he implied, the visitor willingly retraced his steps. His misunderstanding lay in the fact that he had not read carefully the terms of Mr. Morgan's deed of trust.

For while the Pierpont Morgan Library is a gift to the people, it is more specifically and directly, Forrest Davis points out in the *New York Tribune*, a gift to that section of the public that can and will make use of its extensive stores of source material from Old World antiquity and literature.

Reflection makes it obvious that a collection of this kind is not such as can be thrown open to indiscriminate visitors. "You cannot," as Mr. Morgan says, "have large numbers of people going over these books. Think of it, one soiled thumb could undo the work of nine hundred years and a misplaced cough would be a disaster."

Mr. Morgan made his intention known in a statement which begins: "As a memorial to my father, the late J. Pierpont Morgan, and for the use of



© Wide World

### A FEW OF THE 25,000 MORGAN BOOKS

The collection of books and manuscripts begun by the elder J. Pierpont Morgan and added to by his son, the present J. Pierpont Morgan, no longer exists as one of the greatest private libraries in the world. It was turned over last month by Mr. Morgan to six trustees who were appointed to administer it as a public reference library.

scholars, I have conveyed the library erected by him, its contents, and the land upon which it stands to a board of trustees, together with an endowment sufficient for its permanent maintenance." When pressed for a valuation of building and collection, he put the figure at \$7,000,000. This is generally regarded as a very conservative estimate. The endowment named is \$1,500,000, and one of the conditions attached to the transfer is that the collection shall be held intact for at least a hundred years. The board of trustees is self-perpetuating, and at present consists of Mr. Morgan and his wife, their two sons, Junius Spencer Morgan and Henry Sturges Morgan, and Lewis Cass Ledyard and James Gore King.

The architect of the library was Charles F. McKim, and the building is often spoken of as his masterpiece. "The thing is perfect inside and out, a Renaissance gem in the heart of prosaic New York," according to a *Tribune* editorial.

The spirit with which literary pilgrims approach this shrine is conveyed in an article written by Harold Craig for the *Boston Transcript*. "It is related," he says, "that an ardent worshipper of Keats once came to the library and examined the 'Endymion' manuscript. When he opened the slender volume and beheld the immortal stanza written in the hand of the great poet, he was so overcome by emotion he stood trembling, the tears streaming down his cheeks."

Theodore Roosevelt, we learn from an article by Alva Johnston in the *New York Herald*, said that to him the greatest thing in the library was this letter by Lincoln:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
November 13, 1861.

HON. SECRETARY OF WAR.  
MY DEAR SIR:

Please have the Adjutant-General ascertain whether 2nd Lieut. — of Co. —, — infantry, is not entitled to promotion. His wife thinks he is. Please have this looked into.

A. LINCOLN.



HE HOPES THAT YOUNG STUDENTS  
WILL USE THE LIBRARY

In past years established scholars, European and American, have made use of the Morgan Library. Mr. Morgan hopes that under the new arrangement young students — the scholars of to-morrow — will be attracted.

The collection extends back more than two thousand years. There are leaves of Greek and Egyptian papyrus here, and Assyrian and Babylonian tablets inscribed in cuneiform.

One of the unique exhibits is the group of Coptic manuscripts. They were found, it seems, at the bottom of an Egyptian well, and their restoration was undertaken by the Vatican. Parts of the original were so ragged and faded that it seemed impossible that they could ever be read. But under a gelatin treatment supervised by the present Pope, who was then Monsignor Ratti, they were literally brought to life.

The library's "incunabula" (a word applied to the primitive specimens of printing that appeared before or soon after 1500 A.D.) include not only the first printed book, the undated Gutenberg Bible, printed at Mainz before

1455, but also the earliest dated piece of printing, the Indulgence, dated 1455, of Pope Nicolaus V., issued to such persons as should contribute money to aid the King of Cyprus against the Turks. Of far greater rarity than either of these is the Great Psalter, printed at Mainz by Fust & Schoeffer, successors to Gutenberg. This is the first book to bear a date (1459).

The most valuable book in the collection is Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," one of the early Caxton books, appraised at \$37,500 and probably worth twice that amount.

Another book that every bibliophile will want to see is the first complete edition of Aristotle, printed in Venice in 1483 on vellum and sometimes described as "the most beautiful book in the world."

And so the list runs on, appealing equally to the artistic and scientific and historical imaginations. There is something bewildering in such a galaxy, and yet, an English writer quoted in the New York *Herald* testifies, it is not bewilderment that is the very first impression one receives. "It is rather the conviction that here, at last, is the ideal library, the ideal setting for noble books." The same writer continues:

"One passes through the bronze gates into a lofty hall of rarest marble, and then into an apartment as lofty, the walls of which glow from floor to ceiling with the unique splendor that only volumes in fine bindings provide. There are two galleries round the room, each as high as an ordinary apartment, reached by hidden stairways. In the middle of the room is a glass table-cabinet, in which are some volumes bound in gold in the soft light that streams through ancient painted glass.

"On one of them, a great gleaming mass of gems and precious metal, translucent emerald, and crimson, and pearl, and gold, the eye, fascinated, lingers, and then it passes to a splendid Florentine portrait of a girl, and then to a wonderful old carved fireplace, and then to some green Flemish tapestry, and then to furniture adorned with that rich crimson that Genoa and Venice loved. . . ."

Much of the worth of the collection can be traced to

35

*As it is a matter with  
me not to ask, what under similar  
circumstances I would not grant,  
Your Majesty will do me the justice  
to believe, that this request appears  
to me to correspond with those great  
principles of magnanimity & wisdom,  
which form the basis of sound policy  
and durable glory. -*

*May the Almighty and Merciful  
Sovereign of the Universe keep  
your Majesty under his Protection  
and guidance.*

*Philadelphia 15<sup>th</sup> May 1796*

*Geo Washington*

A WASHINGTON AUTOGRAPH IN THE MORGAN  
LIBRARY

The last page of a letter addressed to the King of Prussia by George Washington, asking for the release from prison of Lafayette. This letter owes a part of its interest to the fact that the President appeals as a private citizen to the monarch.



the Morgan librarian, Belle Da Costa Greene, selected, when a very young woman, by Pierpont Morgan, the elder, and continued as director under the new trustees. There are stories of

how she traveled thousands of miles in search of manuscripts, and of how, in auction rooms, she has bid enormous sums against the rivalry of Henry E. Huntington and others.

## "Told by An Idiot"

### *An Englishwoman's Brilliant Study of Four Generations*

THE pessimistic and nihilist mood that has swept over England in the post-war period is vividly mirrored in a new novel, "Told by An Idiot" (Boni & Liveright), a best-seller in England which may become a best-seller here. Its creator, Rose Macaulay, first came into prominence some years ago as the author of "Potterism," a book which assailed the modern spirit and, in particular, yellow journalism. Her second book, "Dangerous Ages," poked fun at the idea that any age is more dangerous than another in a woman's life. Her third, "The Mystery of Geneva," was a satire on the League of Nations. The new story might not inaccurately be described as a combination of its three predecessors, more devastating than all. It is keyed to a saying of Paul Morand's, "History, like an idiot, mechanically repeats itself," and carries above that saying the famous lines of Shakespeare:

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more; it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing. . . .

The novel is divided into four periods, "Victorian," "Fin-de-Siècle," "Edwardian" and "Georgian," and traces four generations of an English family through these periods. There is something panoramic about the effect conveyed. Fashions, fads, political, social and cultural movements succeed one another. Monarchs rise and



#### A MERRY CYNIC

Rose Macaulay, shown here in a caricature by Covarrubias, strikes comic sparks from what she calls "the tiny, squalid story of human life upon this earth."

fall. War alternates with peace. Whole decades are packed in a sentence. And through it all, as a central motive, runs the thought of the permanent sameness of human motives.

Grandfather Garden is shown, forty years ago, bemoaning the antics of the young radicals of his day. Papa Garden, one of the strangest of recent character-creations, moves through the story seeking a faith by which he may

live and rapidly passing through Ethical Culture, Roman Catholicism, Theosophy, Christian Science, Spiritualism, and other cults. His wife is a patient Griselda, and his children represent the basic human types.

Vicky, the eldest, is happy-go-lucky, and manages, on the whole, to make successful adjustments to life. One of her brothers, Irving, is also of the type that accepts existing social arrangements and achieves success without attempting to change them. Her second brother, Maurice, however, is a rebel who fights against the current, and her sister, Stanley, is never so happy as when she is trying to reform the world. Another sister, Rome, is portrayed as cool and detached; cynical; reconciled to death and even willing to hasten it.

It is Rome, undoubtedly, who expresses the author's own philosophy, and this is what it all amounts to:

"Life was well enough, she thought; well enough, and a gay enough business for those who had the means to make it so and the temperament to find it so. Life was no great matter, nor, certainly, was death; but it was well enough. We come and we go; we are born, we live and we die; this poor ball, thought Rome, serves us for all that; and, on the whole, we make too much complaint of it, expect, one way and another, too much of it. It is, after all, but a turning ball, which has burst, for some reason unknown to science, into a curious, interesting and rather unwholesome form of animal and vegetable life. Indeed, thought Rome, it is a rather remarkable ball. But of course it can be but of the slightest importance, from the point of view of the philosopher who considers the very great extent and variety of the universe and the extremely long stretching of the ages. Its inhabitants tend to over-rate its importance in the scheme of things. Human beings surely tend to over-rate their own importance. Funny, hustling, strutting, vain, eager, little creatures that we are, so clever and so excited about the business of living, so absorbed and intent about it all, so proud of our achievements, so tragically deploring our disasters, so prone to talk about the wreckage of civilization, as if it mattered much, as if civilizations

had not been wrecked and wrecked all down human history, and it all came to the same thing in the end. Nevertheless, thought Rome, we are really rather wonderful little spurts of life. The brief pageant, the tiny, squalid story of human life upon this earth, has been lit, among the squalor and the greed, by amazing flashes of intelligence, of valor, of beauty, of sacrifice, of love. A silly story if you will, but a somewhat remarkable one. Told by an idiot, and not a very nice idiot at that, but an idiot with gleams of genius and of fineness. No achievements can matter and all things done are vanity, and the fight for success and the world's applause is contemptible and absurd, like a game children play, building their sand castles which shall so soon, one and all, collapse; but the queer, enduring spirit of enterprise which animates the dust we are is not contemptible nor absurd."

It may be that the last sentence quoted redeems this book from absolute pessimism. One critic, Frederic F. Van de Water, in the *New York Tribune*, is unwilling to regard Miss Macaulay's attitude as depressing. "The sense of futility that her novel carries," he says, "is humanity's fault—not hers."

Many readers, however, have found the book distinctly enervating. A reviewer in the *New York Outlook* says that he resents it instinctively:

"If a novel of such exceptional power of penetration and presentation, such delightful humor and wit, such unfailing distinction of style, leaves after it a faint sense of dissatisfaction, it cannot well be with the achievement of the artist; surely Miss Macaulay has done all that she attempted. But precisians are few; those of us to whom, because of temperament or faith, life, with all its tragedies, futilities and unreasonableness, is *not* as

#### A tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing, though we may admire, applaud, and enjoy, may approve its keenest thrusts and indorse its most scathing criticisms of civilized society, taken in detail, yet resent instinctively the total effect of brilliant belittlement."

## A Visiting Spanish Painter

*José Maria Sert a Worthy Successor of Sorolla*

**W**HAT Royal Cortisoz, of the New York *Tribune*, describes as "the event of the season" in the art world (prior to the Sargent show) has been the exhibition of the mural decorations of José Maria Sert at the Wildenstein gallery in New York City. Americans who had never heard of this gifted artist were surprised, when they visited the gallery, to see immense paintings conceived in the grand style and carried through with an energy reminiscent of Rubens. There were two sets of decorations in the exhibition. The first, consisting of nine panels, was painted for the King of Spain for his palace La Granja, after having served as a basis for cartoons for which tapestries are being executed to his order. The second set was made for the house of J. S. Cosden at Palm Beach, Florida. Much of the interest attaching to both sets is involved in the curious techniques employed. The Cosden panels are painted "en camafeu," in black and silver, with red velvet curtains against a background of solid gold. The panels for the King are painted in a medium which M. Sert has himself developed, a medium new and strange which establishes deep, ringing color on the surface at one stroke and leaves it there, without any varnishing, as hard and shining as enamel or lacquer. It is said that this surface will last forever and that it may be washed as one washes a window.

M. Sert, it seems, was born in Barcelona in 1876, and, like Zuloaga and Picasso, won early recognition in Paris. He associated there with Degas, and learned much from him. He achieves his efforts, Mr. Cortisoz points out, in the simplest fashion by letting himself go, upon his own adventure, with unswerving fidelity to the immemorial principles of good painting. The critic continues:



### HE LIKES AMERICA

José Maria Sert, whose paintings for the Cosden villa at Palm Beach have been one of the artistic sensations of the season, predicts a great future for mural decoration in this country.

"The first element that leaps to the eye in the panels for Mr. Cosden is the element of imagination. It was a stroke of genius by itself to fix upon the history of Sinbad the Sailor for a series of decorations to be placed in a house in Florida, by the sea. 'In Xanadu did Khubla Khan a stately dome decree.' The substitution of Palm Beach for Xanadu is the simplest thing in the world. That man-made, ro-coco, earthly paradise is precisely the place for a scheme of decoration essentially oriental, exotic, bizarre, gorgeous."

Proceeding to speak of the series made for the Spanish palace, Mr. Cortisoz says:

"These panels are full of the picaresque Spanish comedy which we have seen alike in the paintings of Goya and in the pen drawings which Daniel Vierge made for 'Pablo de Segovia' and for Cervantes. But this only means that M. Sert has dipped into the same cosmos, studied the same racy vagabonds and small tradesmen. In the sweep of his brush and the lavalike

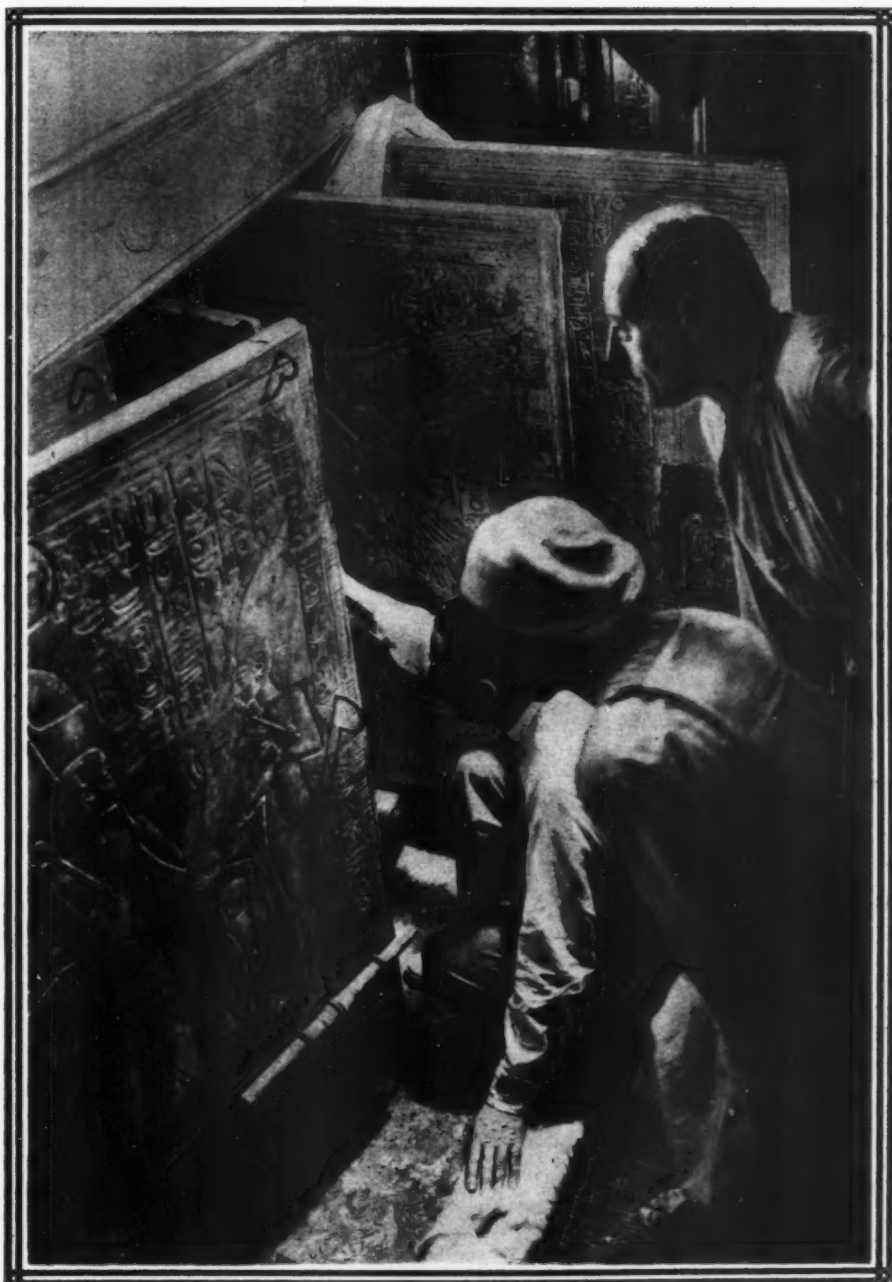
flow of his color he remains himself and places upon these intensely Spanish groups his own accent. He calls them 'Fantasies on the Market Fairs,' painting the bird merchant, the balloon merchant, the donkey merchant, and so on. The gayety of the fair is in them all, with the underlying solidity and gravity that are inseparable from the austere Spanish scene. There never has been in modern painting a finer expression of the 'joie de vivre.' To that 'joie de vivre' in M. Sert we are always coming back. He is frankly gay and lavish, dispensing color as at a feast and flinging his brush about with the gusto of a Jordæns."

M. Sert accompanied his paintings to America, and takes a hopeful view of the future of mural decoration in this country. "Mural decoration," he asserts (in the *New York Times*), "must be a continuation of the style of architecture, and it may be realized that opportunities will be more readily found here than in the old world, where the decorator is hampered by so many different styles and periods." Another encouraging feature is found by M. Sert in the character of our art patrons. They may be self-made men, but they have a sense of beauty.



#### A PAINTING MADE FOR A KING

José María Sert's "Wine Merchant" is one of a series of mural decorations based upon market fairs and made for the palace, "La Granja," of the King of Spain. Its originality of conception and its "deep, ringing color, as hard and shining as enamel or lacquer," are alike notable.

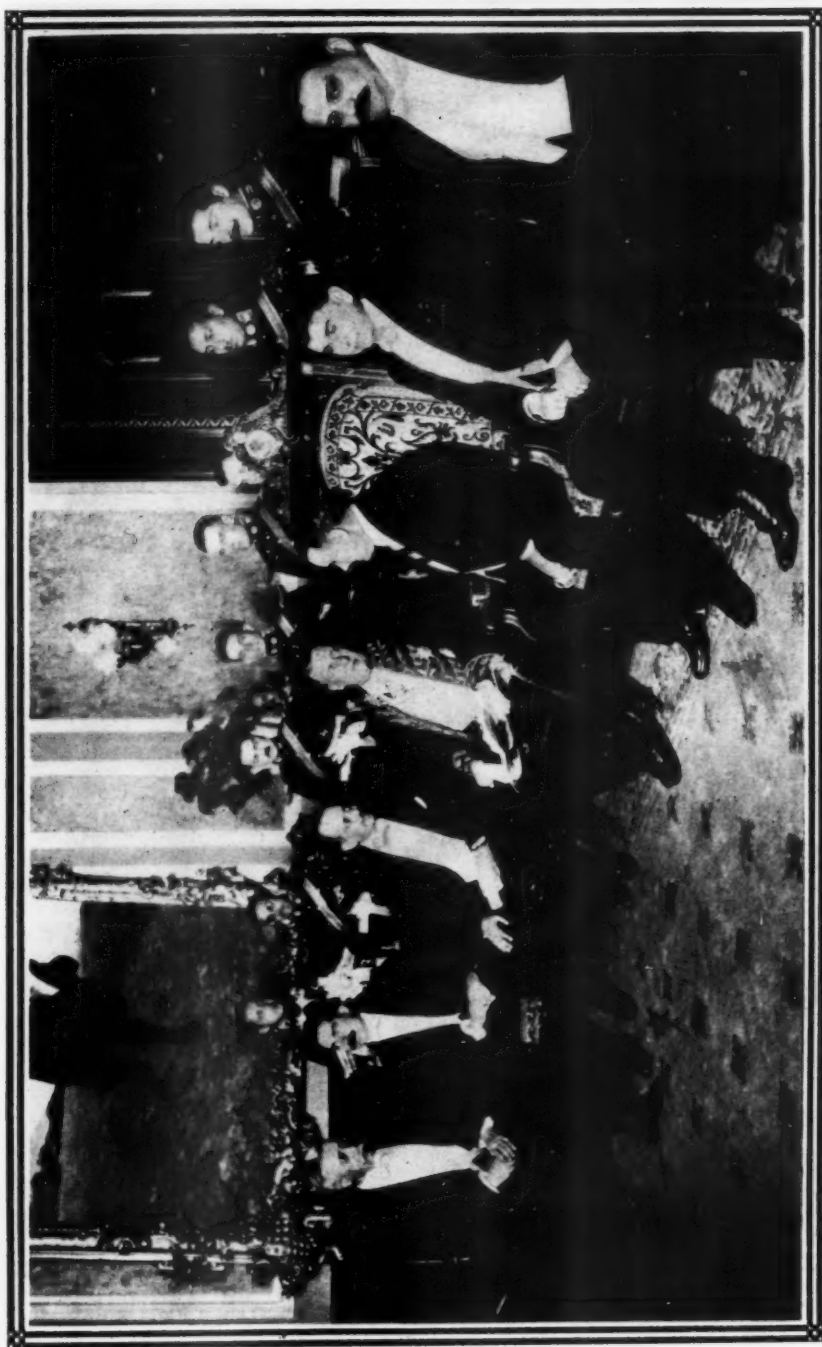


© New York Times

A DRAMATIC MOMENT "AFTER THE SILENCE OF THE CENTURIES"

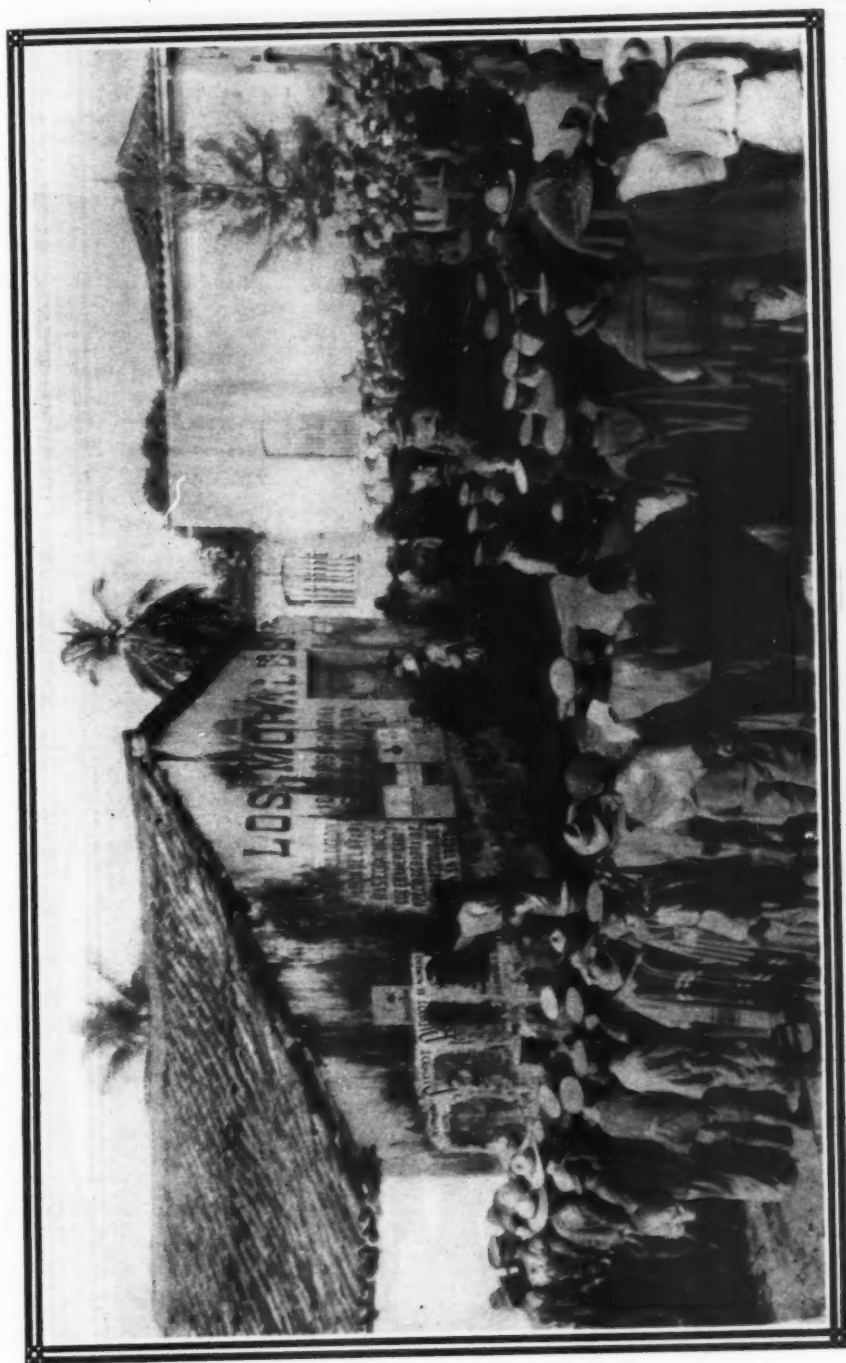
Howard Carter (kneeling) with Messrs. Mace and Callender (standing) opens the last door of the inner shrine of Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb, which was sealed 3,300 years ago.





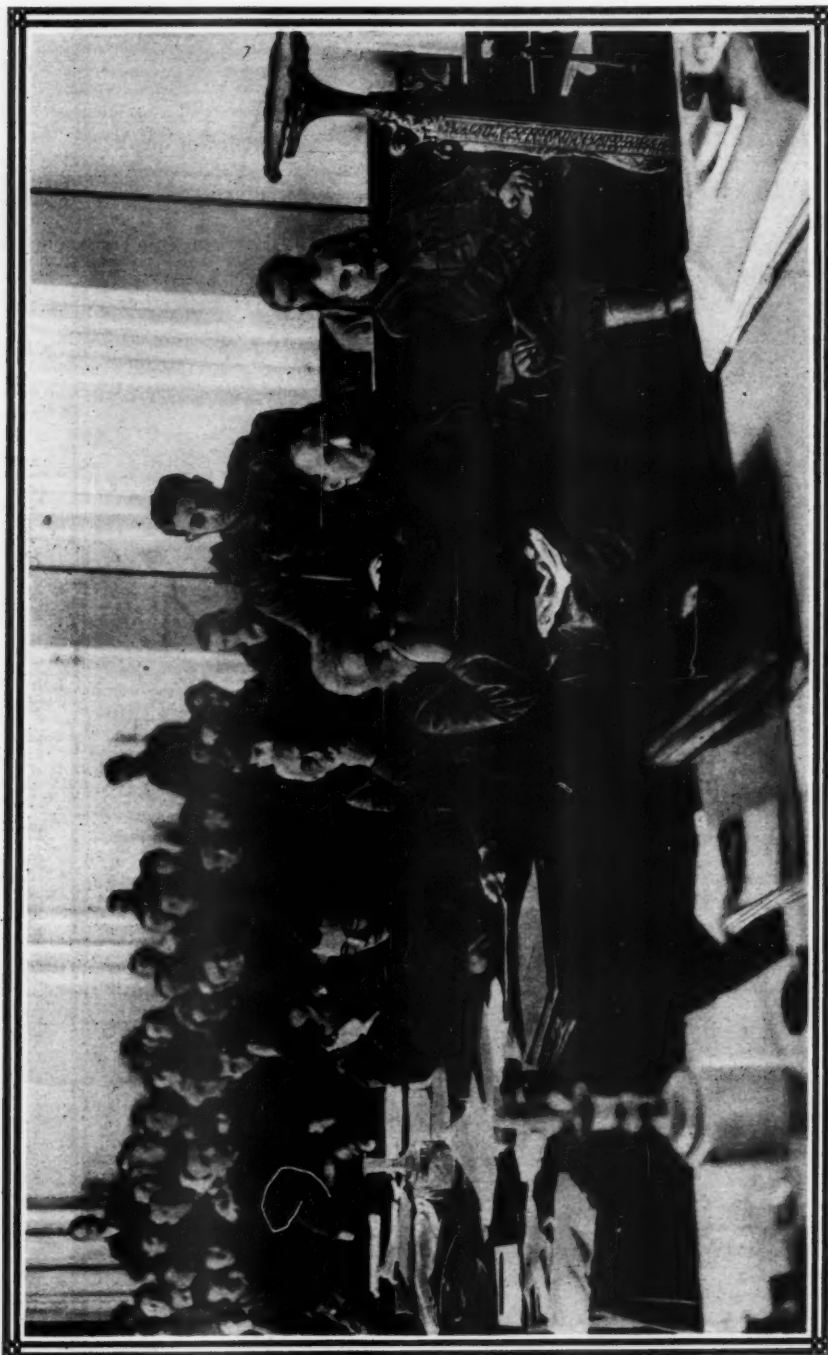
© Kadel & Herbert

**PRESIDENT OBREGON AND MEMBERS OF HIS CABINET WHO ARE NOW MARKED FOR DEATH AS TRAITORS**  
With Obregon (third from right) are Villareal (extreme right), Huerta (second from right) and Estrada (second from left) who, Obregon says, "as guilty chieftains, must pay in their turn, though amnesty be granted to their rebel followers."



© P. & A.

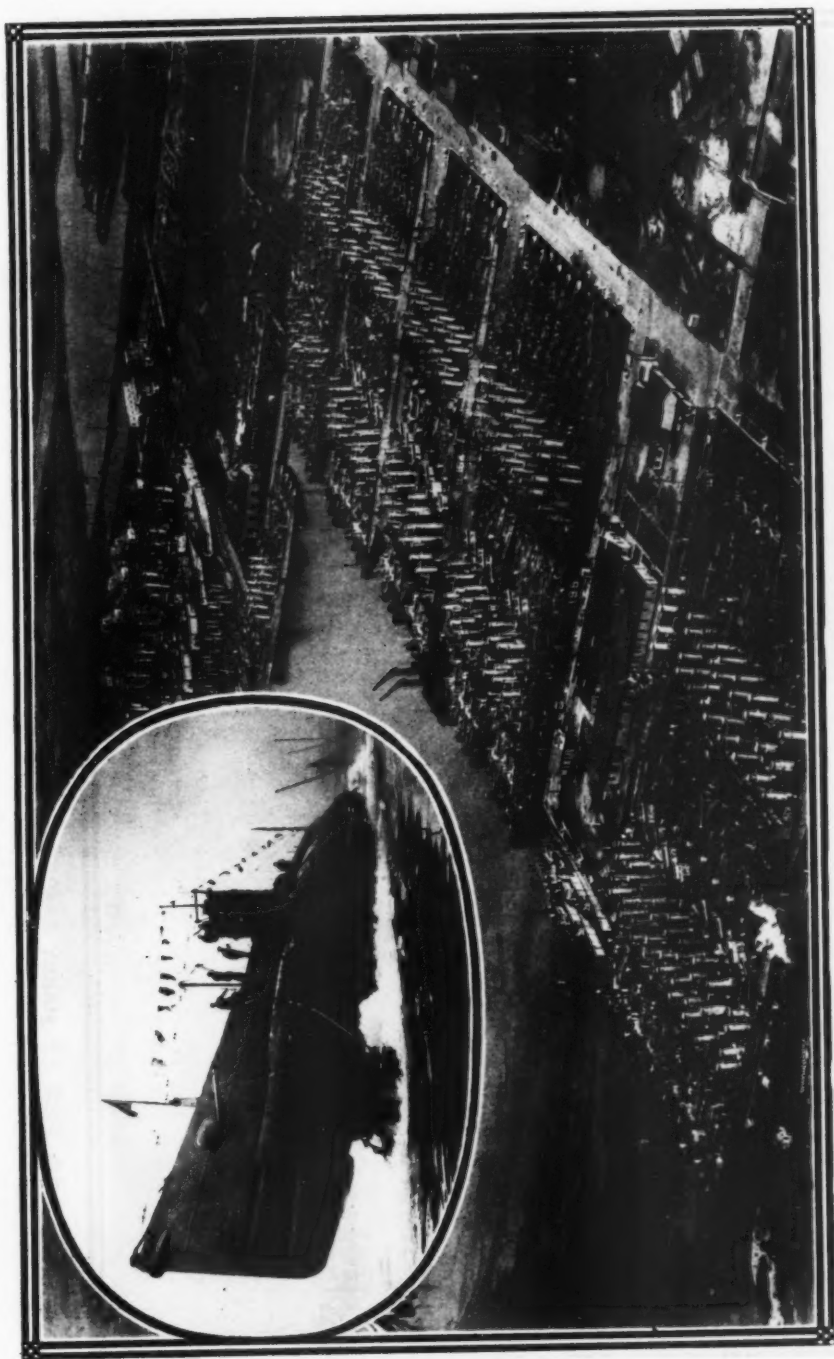
SPEEDY JUSTICE IS DEALT WITH A VENGEANCE IN MEXICO  
 This remarkable photograph, taken just after Mexican Federal troops entered Soledad, State of Vera Cruz, shows a soldier  
 (center, with arms behind his back), who ten minutes previously was convicted of theft, about to be shot.



© International

SHOWING THE JAILORS OF THE LATE CZAR NICHOLAS ON TRIAL AT MOSCOW

In the front row are the white-haired Sementkovsky, former administrator of Russian prisons; "Bloody" Kovolov, a nobleman, chief of two Siberian prisons, and Dr. Riklinsky, physician at the most infamous Orlovsky jail at Orel.



© Kadel & Herbert

GOING AND COMING IN A NAVAL WAY

While 137 battleships, destroyers and other craft are rusting in the Philadelphia Navy Yard (above), the S-47, a submarine Leviathan of 8,000 miles cruising radius without replenishing fuel, is launched.



© P. &amp; A.

AIR VIEW OF HARRY F. SINCLAIR'S SEASIDE ESTATE AT GREAT NECK, LONG ISLAND

The oil magnate, of Teapot Dome notoriety, paid \$600,000 for this summer home, in 1917. His \$450,000 town house is at Fifth Avenue and 79th Street, New York.





York, Virginia 17<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1781

Sir

I propose a cessation of hostilities  
for twenty four hours, and that two officers may  
be appointed by each side to meet at Mr. Moore's  
house to settle terms for the surrender of the  
posts of York & Gloucester. I leave the honor  
to be

Sir

Your most obedient &  
most humble servant

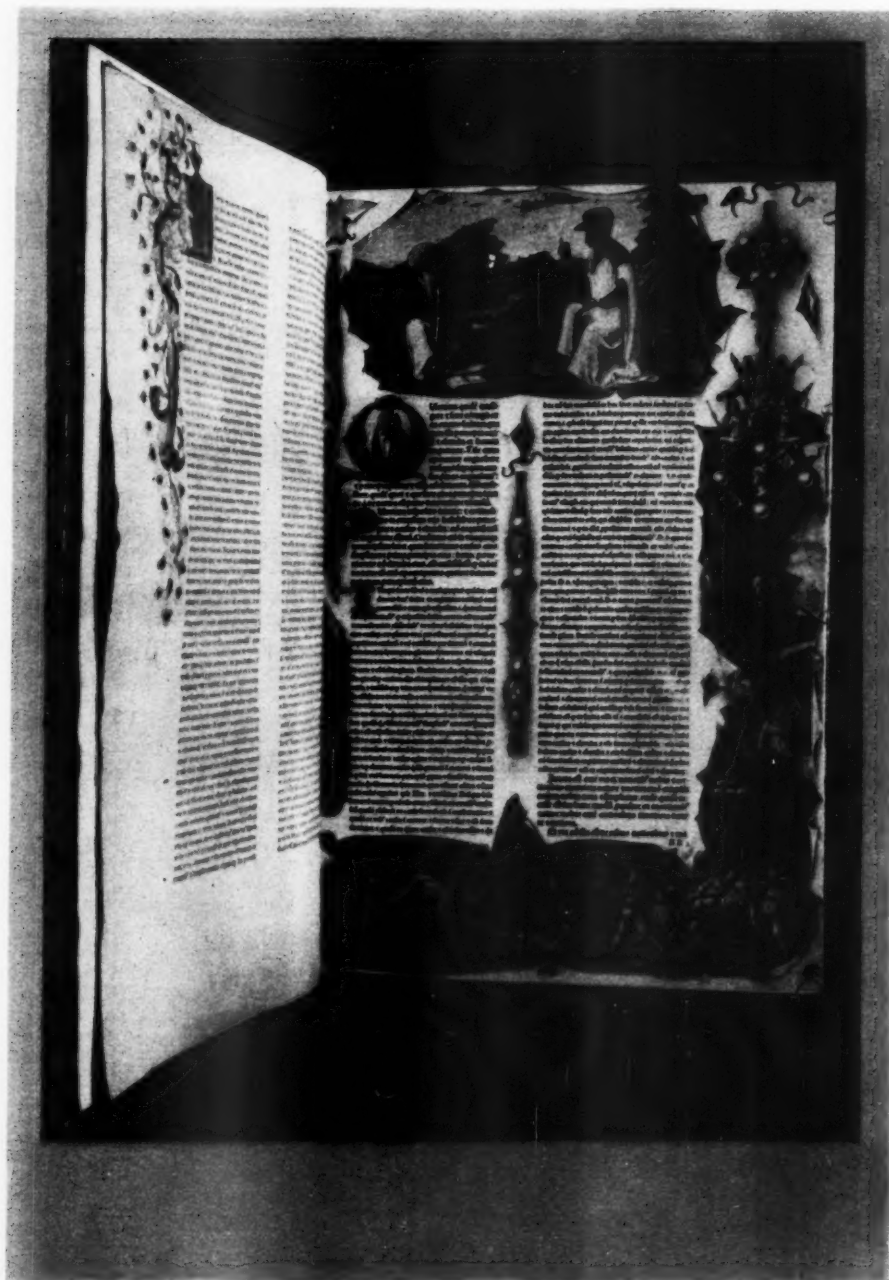
His Excellency  
General Washington  
Y. V. Y.

Cornwallis

© Wide World

THUS LORD CORNWALLIS WROTE TO "HIS EXCELLENCY" GENERAL  
WASHINGTON

It was the first time the British commander deigned to use the complimentary term.  
Showing the letter (in the Morgan Library, New York) and the Moore house (at  
Yorktown, Va.).



© Fotograms

## A PAGE OF "THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BOOK IN THE WORLD".

This 1483 Venetian edition of "the golden book of Aristotle" is a rare object in the \$8,500,000 Pierpont Morgan library recently given in trust to the City of New York.

## Sargent's Retrospective Exhibition

"An Incomparable Record of Our Own Time and People"

"TREMENDOUS" is the epithet which Peyton Boswell, editor of the *International Studio*, applies to the comprehensive and retrospective exhibition of the paintings of John Singer Sargent recently held at the Grand Central Art Galleries, New York City. It was tremendous, Mr. Boswell writes (in the *New York American*), because of its size, for there were seventy-two paintings from one man's brush. It was tremendous because these paintings were insured for \$1,000,000, partly as a result of the disfigurement of Sargent's mural, "The Synagogue," in the Boston Public Library. It was also tremendous in significance because there are those who hail Sargent as the greatest living painter and as an artist who is destined to be immortal, ranking with Van Dyck, Rubens or Reynolds.

If Sargent is not the greatest of living painters, then who is? Mr. Royal Cortissoz, art-critic of the *New York Tribune*, raises the question in an article in *Scribner's Magazine*, and goes on to say:

"A Frenchman, I dare say, would be quick enough with a reply to that question. He would cite Besnard (who, by the way, is going to visit America in the spring), and he could make out a pretty good case for his man as a formidable rival. He might also have something suggestive to say about Claude Monet. But in neither instance, I think, could the challenge to Sargent's supremacy be maintained if the argument be confined to the core of the matter, which is an artist's command over his instruments. Of all the elements constituting a great painter there is none more potent, there is none so indispensable, as just *the ability to paint*. Sargent has that ability in a measure recalling the miraculous days of the old masters, and appreciation of that fact is deepened when you grasp the instinctive nature of his power as a craftsman."

The pictures shown at the New York exhibition were all American, and covered almost every phase of Sargent's career as a painter. They offered what Elisabeth Luther Cary, art-critic of the *New York Times*, calls "the supreme advantage of a little distance, at times a very considerable stretch of years, across which to see a master who needs both distance and fellowship for anything approaching just appreciation." Portraits dominated the exhibition, and invariably these portraits, as Miss Cary notes, are eloquent of good breeding. "However clear the light they cast upon the sitter's character and temperament, it is obvious that the revelation is not the outcome of a prying habit." The portraits of the eighties, the same critic continues, have a look of homogeneity, with one exception:

"In the portrait of Miss Burckhardt ["The Lady With the Rose"] we have the ringing note of genius, sounding high above the quiet murmur of talent in the other canvases. This beautiful portrait was painted in 1882 when the artist was twenty-six years old, technically certain, slightly affected by the artificial elegance of his master, Carolus Duran, yet completely capable of expressing the natural elegance of his own taste.

"Every detail of the charming costume is considered with reference to its charm. One cannot escape the sense of the young artist's delight in his painting of the dotted black net over the bosom and veiling the lower part of the arms, of the double ruffle about the round young throat, of the big bows down the front of the skirt, of the overdress gathered full at the hips, a costume as stately as that worn by the Infanta, yet emphasizing the youth of the wearer. The incident of the yellow rose against the pale gold of the background is treated with the same joy in beauty, but the head and figure dominate the picture. The childish contour of the face, the tender forehead

bulging a little under soft waves of hair, the deep corners of the mouth and the serious yet alert gaze are not only exquisite in themselves, they are exquisitely seen. Even the flip of the bent hand resting on the hip, a convention of un-

conventionality, has its personal expressiveness. Probably the artist never has painted a more purely personal portrait or one that gives more successfully the illusion of mental, physical and spiritual life."



**SARGENT REVEALED AT HIS YOUTHFUL BEST**

The "Lady with the Rose," painted by Sargent at the age of twenty-six sounds, for Elisabeth Luther Cary, a ringing note of genius high above the quiet murmur of talent in the other canvases shown at his New York exhibition.

Miss Cary proceeds to pay tribute to the double portrait of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Field, "lovely symbols of the older generation in the American eighties"; to the portrait of Mrs. Marquand, with its quiet dignity; to the portrait of President Eliot, of Harvard, in which "almost too little is made of the gown" and character rules despite the overwhelming eighteenth century background of architecture, foliage and sky. She says that, among the portraits of men, she is especially impressed by "Joseph Pulitzer," where "everything, cane, cuff-links, watch-chain, white cuff, wrinkled sleeve, plays into the effect of the keen-flashing personality"; by "John Hay," which makes her think of an essay by Lowell; and by "President Lowell of Harvard," Sargent's very latest portrait, in which she finds "again the gown casual, the head dominating, concentration, purpose and decision written upon the features." She continues:

"Think of them in conjunction with portraits by Reynolds, by Raeburn, by Van Dyck. What is the distinguishing characteristic that separates them from these? Absence of self-consciousness. Only by consciousness of self can an artist add that cubit to his stature which places him

above his time. Sargent might be said, if we confined ourselves to this exhibition alone and excluded from it 'Miss Burckhardt,' the 'Lady with the Rose,' to express his time rather than himself.

"In the portraits of women this is even more persuasively the case. The women are seen as were the French women in the eighteenth century by their painters, 'masques et visages,' beautiful in their beautiful robes, alarming in their intelligence, wearing with infinite style their look of pose. It is the composite portrait of a rare society, to be valued as a treasure about to vanish, an incomparable record of our own time and people."

Mr. Cortisoz, in his *Scribner's* article and in a lengthy critique of the exhibition in the *New York Tribune*, emphasizes, above all, Sargent's mastery of his technique. There can be no doubt, he thinks, in regard to the incomparable brush-work. "He has the two great resources of the triumphant realist, a seeing eye and a consummate hand."

But the question arises:

Does he get, also, beauty and charm? The critic replies: "We wonder if, in spite of his phenomenal gifts, the last and most precious gift of all, the gift of tenderness, has been denied him. It is there, probably, that his period comes in. Something like hardness comes into his cosmos."

This lack of *timbre*, Mr. Cortisoz concludes, leaves untouched the great power which lies at the center of the whole business.

"We refer to Mr. Sargent's immense productivity. . . . The works in the present exhibition represent only a tithe of



THE LATEST PORTRAIT MADE BY SARGENT

Has Sargent gained or lost in artistic stature during the forty-two years that have passed since he painted the "Lady with the Rose" reproduced on the opposite page? Perhaps this portrait of President Lowell, of Harvard, just completed, may help to answer the question.

the things he has painted in the United States, and a collection much larger could be made of what he has done on the other side of the Atlantic. Such fertility means something more than mere bulk of achievement. It means prodigious ability, prodigious elasticity and skill, prodigious strength. That is the first and last impression you get from these portraits and pictures, that, and the conviction that, if some of the canvases are less inspiring than others, no single one of them is negligible.

"Surely the artist who can carry his mastery to such a pitch and with such impressive results is unique."



## Woodrow Wilson as Author

### *A Critical Estimate of His Place in Literature*

**A**N entire book was once written in order to demonstrate that Woodrow Wilson was no stylist; but the fact remains that he was, in his own way, a great writer. Miss Fanny Butcher, who has written an article on Wilson's literary side for the *Chicago Tribune*, expresses a widespread sentiment when she says: "There isn't one of us who has not felt, in reading a speech which he has delivered, the full beauty of his fine style." She goes on to point out that at least three of his books were hailed, almost immediately on publication, as classics.

Woodrow Wilson's interests, Miss Butcher reminds us, were always historical and economic. Even while he was in college he wrote lives of John Bright and William Ewart Gladstone. He was only twenty-eight years old when he wrote "Congressional Government—A Study in American Politics," a book which won not only the appreciation of his own country, but stirred England to unprecedented praise. It was published there under the title, "A Study of the American Constitution," and was compared with Walter Bagehot's "British Constitution." It has gone into more than twenty-four editions and is a standard reference book, but, unlike many reference books, as Miss Butcher notes, it is a stirringly readable piece of literature.

Mr. Wilson's next important book was a history of corporative politics called "The State." Nothing of its kind had been done before, and it is still being used as a school manual. Oscar Browning wrote in his introduction to the English edition of this book: "Mr. Wilson will be considered as the foremost, if not the first, of those who rendered possible an intelligent study of a department of sociology upon which the happiness and good government of humanity essentially depend."

"The State" was followed by a volume of the "Epochs of American History," edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. It covered the period 1829-1889, and was entitled "Division and Reunion." An article which grew out of this book and was published in the *Cambridge Modern History* received enthusiastic praise. "It stood out easily first among all the contributions," William Archer, the English critic, said.

Mr. Wilson wrote a life of Washington for *Harper's Magazine*, but the most impressive historical writing that he ever did is contained in his five-volume "History of the American People." Miss Butcher tells us:

"When it was published it created a storm of criticism, varying from one in the *English Review* which called it 'by far the most suggestive and judicial history of the American people that has yet been published,' to a review in the *New York Nation* which said that it would not supersede any existing history, nor should its publication prevent the publication of any contemplated one.

"But whether the reviewers thought it was out of proportion, or perfect, whether they praised it extravagantly, or said that the pictures in it were badly placed, they all agreed that it was written fascinatingly, that not for some time before had they ever read a history which moved with such life and power."

Miss Butcher finds it rather touching that the last thing that Woodrow Wilson wrote—he who was so deeply interested in the past—should have been not a survey of the past, but a vision of the future. The gist of "The Road Away from Revolution," a tiny booklet, is contained in two sentences: "The sum of the whole matter is this, that civilization cannot survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually. It can be saved only by becoming permeated with the spirit of Christ."

# KARI AASEN IN HEAVEN

## The Tale of a Celestial Adventure

By JOHAN BOJER

Illustrations by C. B. Falls

**K**ARI AASEN was married to Peter Aasen. They had together made the clearing for their little farm, and many an evening had lain down weary in their big, wide bed. Like two good plow-horses they had pulled hard and easily side by side, and they could not imagine the possibility of anything happening to one of them that did not happen to the other too. It is true that when Peter had been to the town he came home drunk and beat his wife; but the next day he was so remorseful that he beat himself.

One day Kari took to her bed, and Peter sat on a stool beside her, and asked over and over again whether she did not feel better. She kept on answering, too, that now, thank God, she felt better; but at last Peter saw that his wife was so ill that it would be better to go for the priest.

That night Kari suddenly saw that it was not Peter who sat by her bedside, but a man clothed in white garments, who had come to fetch her; and she burst into tears and pleaded: "No, no! I would rather stay with Peter!"

"What do you say?" asked her husband, who was sitting watching beside her.

But at last Kari saw the white-clad figure spread his wings, and heard him say: "Now, Kari, you must come

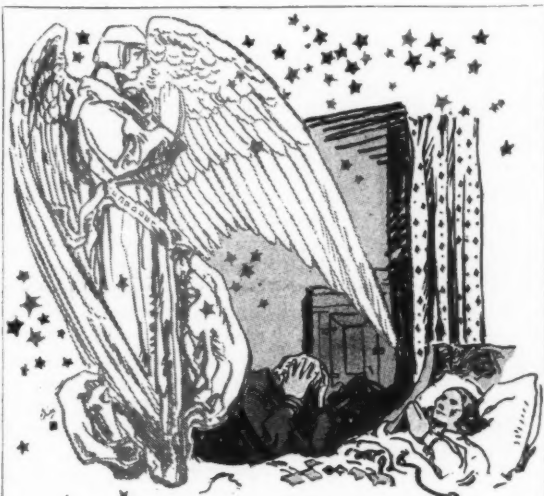
with me." And Kari was obliged to go with him, for he took her up in his arms. They went out of the cottage and up into the air, and the Aasen buildings grew smaller and smaller; past both the sun and the stars, and much, much farther. Then Kari began once more to whimper and complain, but the stranger dried her tears and said, "Be glad of heart, for now all your troubles are at an end."

"Oh, I was so happy where I was," said Kari. "And Peter, will he be left there all alone, old and worn out as he is?"

"God will take care of him," said the stranger. "Rejoice that you will soon be in Paradise."

Kari tried to rejoice, for she had always intended to manage so that she would go to heaven when she died; but at the same time she could not help wondering whether Peter would remember to mend the sheep's tether.

At last they stopped at a great, golden gate, much larger than the gate of the magistrate's house, and passed through a garden where a number of children were playing. Among these Kari recognized a neighbor's child that had died of scarlet fever, and she said to herself: "If ever I go back to earth again, I'll tell the mother that the little one's happy where she is." But



KARI SAW THE WHITE-CLAD FIGURE SPREAD HIS WINGS

this made her remember her own little boys down on the earth, who were probably asking after their mother now.

Suddenly they turned up a mountain with terraces and little white houses, exactly like something she had once seen in a picture. And if that wasn't her brother standing outside one of the houses—he who had been so poor and miserable on earth!

"Why, is that you, Kari?" said her brother. "This is my house," he went on, "and now I'm not bothered with either taxes or debts. I've got plenty of both food and firing, thank goodness, and I've no need to work myself to death to make both ends meet. When you've seen the Almighty, you mustn't forget to look in here."

Kari was quite touched, but once more she thought: "Poor Peter! he'll be alone on earth, toiling and moiling as before."

AT last they reached the top of the mountain, and here stood the Almighty's own house. It was much larger than the great cathedral she had seen once when she was in the town. The Almighty, in bishop's robes, was just going in, but stood still on seeing her.

Kari began to tremble, for she had heard that the Almighty was very severe, and she knew that she had many a time been different from what she should have been, so she stood still with downcast eyes and folded hands.

"Ah, good day, Kari!" She heard to her astonishment that it was the Almighty himself who was speaking so gently to her. "Welcome to heaven! Come and shake hands with me as our custom is."

Kari went timidly up to him, and falling on her knees, began to cry, for she thought this was so much too good for a poor sinner like herself.

"Rise, my child," said the Almighty, and he dried her tears and told her that she must be happy now, for all her sor-

**F**OOD for thought at Easter time may be found in this dream tale by perhaps the greatest living Scandinavian writer of fiction, which we reprint, by permission, from the *Woman's Home Companion*. Even though in Heaven, Kari Aasen, the heroine of the story, prays for permission to return to earth and to her derelict husband, Peter. Peter, she feels, must need her sorely, although he had been accustomed to beating her while under the influence of drink. God hears her prayer and grants her petition, with the proviso that she shall be invisible to mortal eyes during her earthly sojourn. The fact that Peter takes a second wife does not in itself bring such a pang to Kari as that her successor is a shrew and makes Peter unhappy. In the end—but read the story.

rows would be turned into joy and happiness here in heaven.

At this Kari found courage to say: "You mustn't for all the world think that I've had a hard time before neither. It's only had people who say that Peter beat me, and I can't recollect that he ever took so much as a drop of spirits when he was in town. He was so good and kind to me, and we lived so happily to-

gether, that I don't remember that there was ever so much as a bad word between us."

"It's quite right and proper for you to speak so well of your husband," said the Almighty. "But now you must go with the angel there, and look about you in Paradise, and then decide what you want to do, and what you want to be here; for it is the custom here for everyone to be what he or she likes best."

"Oh," thought Kari, "it can't be very much that I'm good for"; but the angel who had fetched her, now took her with him, and they descended the mountain, but on the other side. They crossed little lakes, that shone rosy in the light of heaven, and on which swam flocks of white swans, singing more beautifully than she had ever heard anything sing before. The angel told her that these swans had also been people on earth, and that they had all had a talent for singing, but no money to pay for their training; so the Almighty had made them into swans, so that they could sing as beautifully as they liked. Along the banks Kari saw a great many water lilies rocking on the waves, with their open chalices turned toward the sky. The angel told her that these had been women who had been especially poetically inclined, but had never become what they meant to be on earth, and so the Almighty had blessed them in this way. The butterflies that fluttered about them were the Almighty's thoughts that now and then alighted and rested for a time on their petals.

The angel then asked Kari whether she would like to be either a swan or a water lily.

"Gracious, no!" she said, for she was thinking once more of Peter; and supposing he came here some day, it was not at all certain he would know her again if she were a water lily.

The angel showed her other lakes on which white and red boats were sailing about with gaily-dressed people on board. The angel asked Kari whether she would like to pass her time on board one of the boats, or become young and beautiful among those who danced. But Kari did not wish for either. And now too she remembered that the hay harvest would be going on down at Aasen, and how would Peter ever be able to get in the hay all alone!

**T**HEN Kari saw a great festival, where people sat eating and drinking at a richly spread table. Most of them had roses in their hair and were dressed in silk and velvet, and they leaned over to one another and drank toasts, and laughed so that they could be heard a long way off. The angel said that many of them had been poor on earth, and that a feast such as this had been their greatest wish; and so they were now having what they wanted. Then Kari saw another garden, in which slender women were walking with knights in narrow, grassy paths, each couple hidden from the others by trees and bushes, and it was thus they would have it.

The angel showed Kari a large gathering of men and women who were discussing complicated questions, adopting resolutions, and voting one another to the position of chairman; and he said that this was what these people had most desired on earth, and so they were allowed to amuse themselves in this way through all eternity. They looked exceedingly happy too, for their faces shone like little suns.

Kari shook her head, however, saying that this was a thing she had never understood.

Finally the angel showed her a garden in which a number of women were occupied in looking after little children. The angel said that some of these women had lost their children in life, but had found them again here, while others had longed for a child in life, but had never had one, generally because they had not married;

but here they had the children of which they had dreamed, and nursed them, and put them to sleep, and washed and dressed them, and had never dreamt there could be such happiness even in heaven.

Kari thought, however, that when her own little ones were motherless on earth she could not bring herself to take charge of other people's children here.

When at last the angel brought her back to the Almighty, he was obliged to say that Kari could not make up her mind to anything.

"What!" exclaimed the Almighty. "Is there nothing in the whole kingdom of heaven that you think good enough?"

Kari fell upon her knees and burst into tears. "Oh, it's not that, for everything is too good for me; but—but—" and she could get no farther.



AND IT WAS THUS THAT THEY WOULD HAVE IT

"Don't be afraid to say what you want, for here everyone receives what he most desires."

These words encouraged Kari, and she said: "If that is the case, then I should like most of all to go back to earth again; for I can't see how Peter's going to manage alone."





SHE WENT WITH THEM TO GUARD THEM FROM EVIL

All the angels standing round looked in alarm at the Almighty, for they had never yet heard of anyone wishing to give up Paradise in order to return to earth. But the Almighty only smiled, and said: "Would you like me to have your husband brought here at once?"

"My very humble thanks," said Kari, "but then Christian and Simon would be left without both father and mother."

"Yes, I've still got something for your boys to do on earth," said the Almighty. "But what is it you want, then?"

"Couldn't I go back to Aasen?" asked Kari timidly.

"I suppose I must let you then," said the Almighty. "But your body's already buried, so you'll always be invisible; and there's not much that you'll be able to do either."

"I could go with Peter wherever he goes, and with the boys where they go," said Kari. "If I could do that I should be just as happy as the angels here in Paradise."

"Well, I suppose I must let you then," said the Almighty good-naturedly. And he patted her on the head, and told the angel to take her back to earth again.

When they had gone so far down through the clouds that she could see Aasen, Kari was quite beside herself with joy. She recognized the cottage and the cowshed and the fence a long way off. Smoke was rising from the chimney, so they must have been cooking. The angel now took leave of her, as she could easily find her way alone.

When Kari came nearer, she saw that it was early morning, for the meadows were covered with dew, and the people were trooping across the fields with scythe and rake on their shoulders. Peter came out of the cowshed, leading the red-flanked cow which he was going to tether, and then he carried in the milk. Poor fellow, he'd done the milking himself to-day, and that was work he was not much accustomed to.

KARI perceived that he neither saw nor heard her, but she followed him into the kitchen, seated herself on the hearthstone, and watched him strain milk. It was done carelessly, and not as it should have been done. The strainer, she saw, had not been washed, he spilled much of the milk on the floor when he emptied the pail, and the milk pan was not clean either. Didn't he know, the idiot, that in that way his milk would soon go sour?

She then followed him into the bedroom when he went to wake the boys and help them with their clothes. Simon, the youngest, asked whether Mother had come home, and his father told him he must leave off forever asking questions—Mother would come as soon as she could. Kari patted both Simon and Christian on the cheek, but neither of them seemed to notice it, though Christian looked several times straight toward where she stood.

From that time, an entirely new life began for Kari at Aasen. When the boys went to the forest to fetch wood, she went



with them to guard them from evil. When Peter was taking in the hay on hot days, she followed him and tried to make his burden lighter. At night she remained beside his bed and the boys' to see that they had no bad dreams. When Peter rose on Sunday mornings, she tried to steal into his thoughts and make him decide to go to church.

Toward the end of the winter, Peter made up his mind to take a trip into town, and now Kari did not know what to do. Should she go with him, or should she stay at home with the boys? It ended with her staying at home, and while the boys tried to cook their own food and to see to the cows in the cowshed, she went about with them trying to show them how to do it.

When Peter came home he was drunk, and beat the boys just as he had so often beaten her; but the next day he was remorseful as he always had been and because, thank goodness, his conscience was not ruined yet.

ONE day a strange woman came to the house with a bundle under her arm, made herself at home, and took over the work in the kitchen and the cowshed. A little while after, Kari saw that Peter was thinking of getting married again. "Poor old fellow!" she thought. "Is he really going to throw himself away to another woman?" She had to look on while her dresses and linen were used by the stranger. Later in the spring, preparations for the wedding were made, and one day the neighbors appeared with baskets on their arms, and drank to the happy couple.

The boys went about looking bashfully at one another, for they were thinking of their mother. Kari went with the little wedding party to the church and sat far back in the choir, and watched Peter being wedded to another woman.

"It's too bad!" thought Kari. "She hasn't even tied his silk neckerchief properly round his neck. It usen't to be like that when I did it."

Things were very different for Peter now. He and his new wife frequently fought, and the boys were so ill treated by their stepmother that they often cried themselves to sleep.

The Almighty had seen all this, however, and one day an angel came flying down to Kari, and asked her if she would go with him to Paradise.

"Oh, no!" said Kari. "I don't think I should have a day's happiness there either, so long as things go with Peter as they're going now." So she stayed on, and was comforted in knowing that Peter thought of her more and more, and talked about her to the boys when the woman was not present.

YEARS passed, and the boys grew up and took places in the parish. They got on, and one of them married a farmer's daughter, who inherited both farm and land, and the other took a girl with money, and bought a boat and nets, and began fishing on a large scale.

A day came when Peter lay ill in the bed in which Kari had closed her eyes, and she sat on the edge of the bed, and passed her hand over his eyes in the hope that he would see her. At last he looked up and gazed at her.

"Oh, is that you, Kari?" he said.

"Yes, thank God, it's me," said Kari. "And I think we shall soon live together again."

"I expect you're pretty angry with me because I took another woman into the house," said Peter sadly.

"May the Almighty be as sure to forgive you as I am," said Kari, as she wiped his brow.



THEY LOOKED AT ONE ANOTHER, AND LAUGHED

"He doesn't know what he's saying," said the woman, who was fidgeting about the room. "I'd better send for the priest."

At last Peter was free to go, and outside the door stood an angel, waiting to take them both to Paradise.

As before, the Almighty bade them welcome, and told them to look about them and decide what they would like to be.

An angel took them about and showed them all the splendors that were to be seen; and when at last they went back, the Almighty said: "Well, Peter Aasen, what have you decided for yourself and your wife."

Peter, who now knew that he might be exactly what he most wished to be, answered a little hesitatingly: "If you had a little piece of land that we could begin on, as we did when we were newly married, it would be more than we have deserved."

At this the Almighty laughed, and said to an angel: "Go with them to the great clearing, give them tools and timber for a cottage, and as much land as they want." And the angel took them to quite another part of Paradise, where Peter saw the finest land he had ever seen; and here the angel asked how much they wanted.

Kari and Peter looked at one another. "Well," said Peter, "on earth we had three cows, but now we can do with two."

The angel then gave them so much land that they would be able to feed two cows, and afterward, he said, they could add as much new land as they liked. At this Kari and Peter looked at one another, and thought they had never been so well off.

And then they began to work, as they had done when they were newly married. Peter dug, and Kari pulled up roots and made the ground even with the fork; and now and again they straightened their

backs, wiped the perspiration from their brows, looked at one another, and laughed. As when they had first married, Peter was so industrious that he would not even have an afternoon nap; but Kari, as in their young days, would go out to him in the field, with his afternoon coffee in a little tin can. When they began to build the cottage, they decided that it should be exactly like the one at Aasen; that would be so nice when their sons came. And when at last they had a roof over their heads, and lay once more in their comfortable wide bed, they both agreed that no one in all Paradise could be so happy.



KARI FELL ON HER KNEES AND BURST INTO TEARS

In Current Opinion next month will be published "Prelude," by Edgar Valentine Smith, which the O. Henry Memorial Committee has awarded a \$500 prize as being the best short story by an American writer that has had magazine publication during the past year.

## "OUTWARD BOUND"

A Play In Which Seven Mortuary Characters  
Walk and Talk In Their Sleep

By SUTTON VANE

WITH hardly a dissenting voice the metropolitan critics pronounce the William Harris, Jr., production of "Outward Bound," by Sutton Vane, to be, if not the most original, by far the most thrilling play of the year. Robert C. Benchley, of *Life*, possessing first if not second sight, can see where the play could be made a lot better than it is, but "if we had had the original idea and had carried it through as well as Sutton Vane has done, we should feel quite satisfied to take a farm somewhere and wait for the rest of the playwrights to catch up to us. And it would be a good long wait, too."

Taking, as Burns Mantle acutely observes, in the *Daily News*, a bit from this and another bit from that philosophy concerned with the flight of the soul after it leaves the body in what we know as death, this English dramatist has evolved a play that is quite likely to cause more conversation in debate than any other play of the season. E. W. Osborn, of the *Evening*

*World*, calls it "the real news of the dramatic year," and Alan Dale, of the *American*, shortsightedly seeing in it "an exposition of how a number of people, thrown together upon a ship arriving nowhere, would behave if suddenly told they were dead," describes "Outward Bound" as "neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring."

The play, which is enjoying both a London and New York run simultaneously, advances the theory that a man or woman is little or no different after death than during life. As the thread of the story the author uses the legend

of Charon and his ferry across the Styx. Seven persons find themselves on board a ship, with no one discoverable in charge except Scrubby (J. M. Kerrigan), the steward. There are Ann (Margalo Gillmore) and Henry (Leslie Howard), inseparable young lovers, who are dubbed "half-ways" because they committed suicide; Mr. Prior (Alfred Lunt), a moody young dypsomaniac, who is the first one to suspect that he and his



AFTER MANY TRIALS HE HAS WRITTEN  
A SUCCESSFUL PLAY

Sutton Vane, the English actor-author of "Outward Bound," wrote it mainly as a play for his wife to appear in. It is running in New York and London simultaneously.

companions are dead; Mrs. Cliveden-Banks (Charlotte Granville), a matron of selfish parts whose first thought is of social caste; Rev. William Duke (Lyonel Watts), a young clergyman who believes in being as human as a stock broker about his job; Mrs. Midget (Beryl Mercer), a worn but unembittered charwoman who happens to be the mother of Prior; Mr. Lingley (Eugene Powers), of Lingley, Ltd., a self-made millionaire. The curtain rises on the smoking-room of the ship. Scrubby, the steward, is behind the bar.

It is morning and the ship is weighing anchor. From the deck Ann enters hurriedly as though in search of someone or something. She observes Scrubby.

ANN. Oh, I beg your pardon—good morning.

SCRUBBY. Good morning, madam.

ANN. I'm sorry to bother you, but I'm afraid we've lost our way.

SCRUBBY. Where do you want to get to, madam?

ANN. The cabins, of course.

SCRUBBY. Cabins?

ANN. Yes! Where we sleep. I'm afraid I'm awfully stupid. I've never been on the sea before.

SCRUBBY. The old ship will be highly flattered. You'll find all the berths right forward (points to the left) down there.

ANN. Thank you very much. (She goes up to the center and speaks to

**SUTTON VANE**, not far into his thirties, has been known for some years in England merely as an intelligent young actor. He was among the first to "join up" when the great war started, and during its first two years fared rather badly in his attempt to fight for king and country. So that in 1917 he was sent home from Egypt with a bad case of shell-shock, coupled with malaria, and invalided out of the army.

He has written several plays, "Outward Bound" being the first successful one. Curiously enough, it got its first hearing in London last July by reason of the fact that the author himself financed and produced it. Not that he had such great faith in it, but because he had a thousand dollars, a lot of curiosity and a wife whom he was anxious to see in its leading part.

He had the temerity to hire for two weeks a tiny adapted playhouse in Hampstead. In its scene loft he found half a dozen "flats," painted them himself, tacked up some curtains he had brought from home and engaged a remarkable company of actors who were willing to work on co-operative terms. The entire production, including the rent of the theater, cost \$600—and he never had to dip into the remainder of his capital. Thus he handed the world a theatrical wallop.

someone outside.) Henry, come along, dear, I was quite right, this is the way.

(Henry enters from the deck.)

HENRY. Sorry, I was looking at the sea. What did you say?

ANN. This is the way, dear.

HENRY. Oh, good! We'll probably find all our stuff in the cabin already. How did you find out?

ANN. He told me. (Indicating Scrubby.)

HENRY. Oh!—good morning!

SCRUBBY. Good morning, sir.

HENRY. Bit confusing these boats, aren't they?

SCRUBBY. Yes, sir, to begin with.

ANN. Come along, dear.

HENRY. I say, I'm feeling awfully tired.

ANN. Do you wonder?—after what you've been through?

HENRY. No, I suppose I don't. I can't quite focus it all even now, you know. By Jove, we'll have a gorgeous trip, though, won't we?

ANN. Yes, dear.

HENRY. The rest—the peace and—and—

ANN. Don't worry so, dear.

HENRY. And the forgetfulness—

ANN. Of course, dear, don't worry.

HENRY. No, I won't, I won't! (To Scrubby.) Thanks for telling my—my wife the way.

ANN. Give me your hand.

HENRY. What's that?

ANN. Give me your hand, dear.

HENRY. Oh! You treat me like a child! I'm quite all right really.

ANN. Give me your hand. (He goes to her, takes her hand.) There!

HENRY. Thanks for the hand.

ANN. Come along.

They go off together, and a moment later Tom Prior enters and patronizes the steward, Scrubby, in the important matter of drinks and cigarettes. His dissipation is interrupted by Mrs. Cliveden-Banks, a vampire of the here and hereafter, who recognizes a kindred spirit in Tom and proceeds to renew an old acquaintanceship with him. Mrs. Midget, a motherly Cockney type who, indeed, turns out to be Tom's mother, though he does not recognize her, enters and is promptly snubbed by Mrs. Cliveden-Banks. Mrs. Midget is "struck all of a heap" on recognizing her son. How dare such a common woman be a first-cabin passenger! thinks Mrs. Cliveden-Banks. Tom asks her not to get excited. The characters are thus developed, Tom asking the charwoman what her name might be:

MRS. MIDGET. Midget.

MRS. C-BANKS. That is an alibi. No one could possibly be called Midget.

MRS. MIDGET. (*Warming in quick resentment.*) Oh, couldn't they? Well, I'll show you whether they could or not all right. Midget's as good a name as any other name, Midget is. And don't you forget it, old Mrs. 'Igh and Mighty. My name's Midget all right, Midget married me all right, and I can prove it, and I've got my lines, which was a job to get, I admit.

MRS. C-BANKS. How dreadfully sordid!

MRS. MIDGET. But when it comes to utter strangers tellin' me as I don't know what my own name is, then I speaks up and unabashed, as I would do in front of the 'ole street. I've nothing to 'ide, I've not, I'm not one of these—

MRS. C-BANKS. That will do, that will do. The world is full of troubles, we know. Doubtless you have had yours, my good—er—my woman.

MRS. MIDGET. I 'ave 'ad trouble, I confess.

TOM. But what's your present one—that's what—what we want to know?

MRS. MIDGET. Where am I?

TOM. On board—on board this ship.

MRS. MIDGET. Yes, but what for?

TOM. How should I know? Are your tickets and luggage all right?

MRS. MIDGET. I suppose so. I'm not one to worry over little things.

TOM. Have you been to your cabin yet?

MRS. MIDGET. No.

TOM. What's the number?

MRS. MIDGET. 'Ow do I know if I ain't been there?

TOM. I say—you're not tight, are you?

MRS. MIDGET. Tight?

TOM. Blotto—squiffy—gone away.

MRS. MIDGET. Not me. "To. T.," I am.

TOM. How wise of you. (*Drinks.*) Well, are you ill?

MRS. MIDGET. Now, that's what I'm awondering. Am I ill? I don't think so. I don't feel ill. And yet I said to Mrs. Roberts last Thursday—or was it Wednesday?—never mind, I said to 'er anyway I says—"What I want" says I—or did she say it to me? Never mind, it don't make no difference, one of us says to the other, "What I or you want," according to whichever of us did say it, "is a thorough 'oliday." And then—wait a minute—I remember now—it's all coming back—I've come on 'ere to meet somebody.

Rev. William Duke and Mr. Lingley, an obviously self-made millionaire, come into the picture, the latter explaining to the clergyman:

LINGLEY. I'm on the London County Council as well. Incidentally I own twenty-one music-halls, a chain of cinemas, two gold mines and a Methodist chapel. Naturally they want looking after.

DUKE. Naturally. What are you doing with the chapel?

LINGLEY. Having it pulled down.

TOM. Sportsman!

LINGLEY. You—you there!

TOM. Me?

LINGLEY. Yes! I know your face, don't I? I never forget a face.

TOM. How that must sadden your sweet life at times.

LINGLEY. Where have I seen it before?

TOM. Oh, in your office. You gave me a job once. It lasted two days.

LINGLEY. What was the matter?

TOM. Your office! I couldn't stand the atmosphere, so I drowned it in drink.

LINGLEY. I remember. I remember. You were sacked mechanically.

TOM. Yes. You wouldn't give me a second chance.

LINGLEY. No one has ever given me a second chance. I shall never expect one. I shall certainly never ask for one.

TOM. As you said when you sacked me



mechanically. In my opinion, Mr. Lingley, L.C.C., M.P., you're a pompous old idiot.

LINGLEY. (*Rising.*) How dare you! How—you must be crazy.

TOM. I'm not in your ghastly office now. I can say what I like. (*Shouts.*) You're a blue-nosed baboon! There! I've dreamt I said that to you for weeks, and now I've said it.

LINGLEY. If you're not careful, Mr.—Mr.—er—I'll—I'll—I shall go on deck. Where are my papers? I've been irritated. The doctors said I must not be irritated. I've too much to do to be irritated.

DUKE. Oh, I'm sure Mr. Prior didn't mean—

TOM. I did. Every word of it. Shut up! He's a pink-eyed rabbit. He's a rotter, he's a grasper—

LINGLEY. Silence, sir! For goodness' sake, silence! I sha'n't be able to concentrate after this interruption. I came here for peace, damn you. I've been thinking too hard as it is—and now this little gnat—he's destroyed what I'd nearly completed in my mind. Damn you, sir, I'm sick of opposition. Damn you—you— (*The long, low siren is heard.*) Oh, my God! (*Falls into chair.*)

Lingley recovers and goes on deck, leaving Tom and the Rev. Duke alone. On the drink-sodden young man comes the first intimation of their terrible predicament. He confides to the clergyman his suspicions that "there's something jolly queer about this boat" and "by Jove, if I were right it *would* be a joke."

DUKE. I don't follow you.

TOM. It's difficult to explain. But Mr. Lingley—and—and—oh, I'm not quite sure myself. It may be only my—

DUKE. Imagination?

TOM. Exactly. Only somehow I don't think it is.

DUKE. Go on. I must hurry.

TOM. Yes. Well (*Turns to Duke*), there was a sort of charwoman here just now—you didn't see her—a very decent sort of soul, of course, but—well—hardly the kind of person you'd expect to find here. And she couldn't remember where she was going. Excepting she was going to meet someone. (*Turns to him.*) Now this Lingley fellow's just told us the same

thing in different words. He couldn't remember where he was going either, at least not clearly. And I've noticed lots of other little things. For instance, it's absurd sailing with our passenger list—there are so few of us. I tell you it's queer—and—

DUKE. Really I can't follow you.

TOM. Then there's old Mrs. Banks drivelling on about joining her husband—Good Lor'! It's just struck me.

DUKE. What has?

TOM. Colonel Cliveden-Banks kicked the bucket over a month ago. Surely she can't have forgotten *that*. Or—or would *that* be her father?

DUKE. Mr. Prior, if you take my advice, you'll follow Mr. Lingley's example and get some fresh air on deck.

TOM. Yes, I think I will. All the same, it *is* queer.

Toward the end of the first act it develops that the young couple Ann and Henry have had an illicit love affair and have committed suicide.

In the second act, evening, the same scene, Lingley, Mrs. C-Banks, Mrs. Midget, Rev. Duke and Tom Prior are discussing their situation.

TOM. Don't waste any more of your breath than is absolutely necessary, Mrs. Cliveden-Banks. Nor any of you, either.

MRS. C-BANKS. I beg your pardon.

DUKE. What's the matter now?

TOM. We're trapped, that's all.

DUKE. (*Rises.*) Trapped!

TOM. Yes, trapped. Every one of us—all of us on this boat, we're done for.

MRS. C-BANKS. What, *already*. (*Threateningly pointing to Duke.*) Mr. Duke!—

TOM. I mean it. You needn't believe me if you don't want to. It's true all the same. We're dead people!

LINGLEY. Oh, run away, run away, young man, and sleep it off.

TOM. I'm sober enough now. And the boat's not sinking. I don't mean that either.

LINGLEY. What in blazes do you mean then, sir?

TOM. Duke, come here. Feel my pulse. Draw a chalk line on the floor and make me walk it if you want to. (*Duke moves up to him.*) Look at my eyes. Now—I am sober, aren't I?

DUKE. Yes, I think so.

TOM. The last time I heard a clergyman say "Yes, I think so" was in the music halls. Funny I shall never go to a music hall again.

MRS. MIDGET. (*Rises.*) Why doesn't someone put the poor young man to bed? It would be much kinder.

TOM. Quiet, please. I don't want to frighten you—any of you—but I feel—I ought to try and convince you. You admit I'm sober. You'll have to take my word I'm not mad.

LINGLEY. I should want more than your word for that.

TOM. You shall have it. You shall have the word of the—the man who calls himself a steward, and the words of two of our fellow passengers. The two who I see are not here.

LINGLEY. But what about, sir? What are you driving at?

TOM. I began to suspect this morning before lunch. Nobody seemed to know where they were going to. I'd forgotten myself, though I didn't admit it. I didn't want to. I didn't dare to. I daren't now. When I was quite convinced, I got drunk. That was only natural. All my life I've started to face facts by getting drunk. Well—when—when I woke up again—about an hour ago, you were all in the saloon. I was frightened, terribly frightened. At last I got out of my cabin and went over the ship. I made myself. Yes, over her, all over her. In the officers' quarters and everything. No one said a word to me for a very simple reason. There's no one on board to say anything. No captain, no crew, no nothing.

MRS. C-BANKS. If there's no crew on board this ship, Mr. Prior, may I ask who waited on me at dinner?

TOM. There's no one at all on board this ship, excepting we five—and those two—and the steward. He waited on you at dinner. He's in charge of the ship. I made myself find out. Do you know where that steward is now? He's in the rigging—sitting cross-legged—high up in the rigging. I've just seen him. . . .

LINGLEY. Was he? How did you see him if it's all dark outside?

TOM. (*Vaguely.*) That never struck me. But he was there.

(*Scrubby enters from left and softly strolls across towards center.*)

DUKE. (*Rises.*) We must hurry. Whilst we're talking like this we may be drifting on to the rocks—crashing into something or—

SCRUBBY. (*Always very kindly, very quiet and compassionate—like a tolerant elder to children.*) No, sir, you won't do that.

LINGLEY. Now look here, my man. What is all this nonsense? I can't stand excitement. My doctor ordered rest and quiet. Where's the captain? Take me to him.

SCRUBBY. Oh, he left long ago, sir.

LINGLEY. Enough of that! Understand? By Gad, when I get back to London I'll report—

SCRUBBY. I'm afraid you won't get back to London, sir—

LINGLEY. No more of your impertinence! Take me to the captain!—do you hear? You're only a damned servant—take me to him—

DUKE. Mr. Lingley, I think we should all keep our tempers.

SCRUBBY. That's all right, sir; I've known a lot of them to get angry at first.

LINGLEY. A lot of whom?

SCRUBBY. People like you, sir, who are just beginning.

LINGLEY. Beginning?

SCRUBBY. To be passengers.

TOM. What you told me this morning was true, wasn't it?

SCRUBBY. That we're dead, sir? Yes, quite dead, if that's what you mean.

It is an afternoon some days later, in the last act, when Tom Prior enters the smoking-room, notices the steward, Scrubby, at the bar, and accosts Lingley, who has arranged an executive session of the passengers.

TOM. On deck. It may interest you to know we've just sighted land.

LINGLEY. Land, Mr. Prior! Land!

TOM. Yes. We've just sighted hell.

LINGLEY. Oh!

TOM. It looks quite a jolly little spot from here. The padre's arranging a sweepstake on the exact time it will take us to get in. He's suddenly developed a sense of humor.

LINGLEY. Sense of humor and sweepstakes when we're all—all—! What's the use of a sense of humor to a dead man?

TOM. I dunno! I've never asked one.

LINGLEY. Oh, why don't they come?

TOM. You're getting the wind up a bit, aren't you? Oh, I don't blame you, Lingley of Lingley Limited, for I shouldn't be surprised if over there a nice private little

gridiron isn't being warmed up for your personal reception.

LINGLEY. Will you be quiet, you foolish boy!

SCRUBBY. (*Indicating the table.*) Everything correct, sir?

LINGLEY. Eh?

SCRUBBY. Enough chairs, sir?

LINGLEY. Oh! yes, very nice indeed, very, Mr. Scrubby. Er—here is half a crown for your trouble. Thank you.

SCRUBBY. Thank you, sir.

LINGLEY. What for? Half a crown is no use to me now. Wait! Please tell the others—the others—my shipmates—that they're late for the meeting.

SCRUBBY. Certainly, sir.

LINGLEY. Thank you, Mr. Scrubby, thank you.

TOM. What's the object of this meeting, anyway?

LINGLEY. Can't you see?

TOM. Yes. That's why I asked. (*To bar.*)

LINGLEY. We're approaching our destination, and I want to make this one last effort. I feel we should talk the matter over in a rational spirit—and as a business man I've called this meeting.

TOM. You would. And, as has probably been your custom, you think that a committee report and minutes, and balance sheets and all that bunkum may impress the examiner as they do shareholders and other examiners. Of course you'll be chairman?

LINGLEY. Naturally. I seem to be the only one qualified.

TOM. You admit it.

LINGLEY. By right of experience and proved ability—Prior, when I was a boy—

TOM. Were you ever a boy? Poor parents!

LINGLEY. When I was seventeen I could only manage one egg for breakfast.

TOM. I can never manage *any* breakfast myself.

LINGLEY. *Afford* one egg, I mean. At six-thirty A. M. I used to walk to my work.

TOM. On the egg?

LINGLEY. And after business I'd walk home again. That was the beginning of Lingley, Limited. When I was seventeen I made my motto: "Try to rely on yourself." At thirty-seven I made it "Rely on yourself."

TOM. So you fired me.

LINGLEY. At forty-seven I made it

"Rely on yourself *absolutely*"; because if you fail all your friends will only say, "It serves you right."

TOM. Had you any friends at forty-seven?

The others arrive and Lingley, presiding, calls the meeting to order and draws up what he calls a balance sheet. A hell-or-heaven boarding officer, the Rev. Frank Thomson enters the room, as Lingley announces himself to be "Lingley, of Lingley, Limited." Catechised, he declares he has succeeded through "hard work—enterprise."

THOMSON. Enterprise! Dishonesty.

LINGLEY. (*Hotly.*) That's a lie!

THOMSON. Very well. Your case is over. Get out.

LINGLEY. (*Rises, hesitates.*) Just a minute. Let's talk this over.

THOMSON. Well? Is it a lie—or is it the truth?

LINGLEY. I—I'm afraid you don't understand *business*.

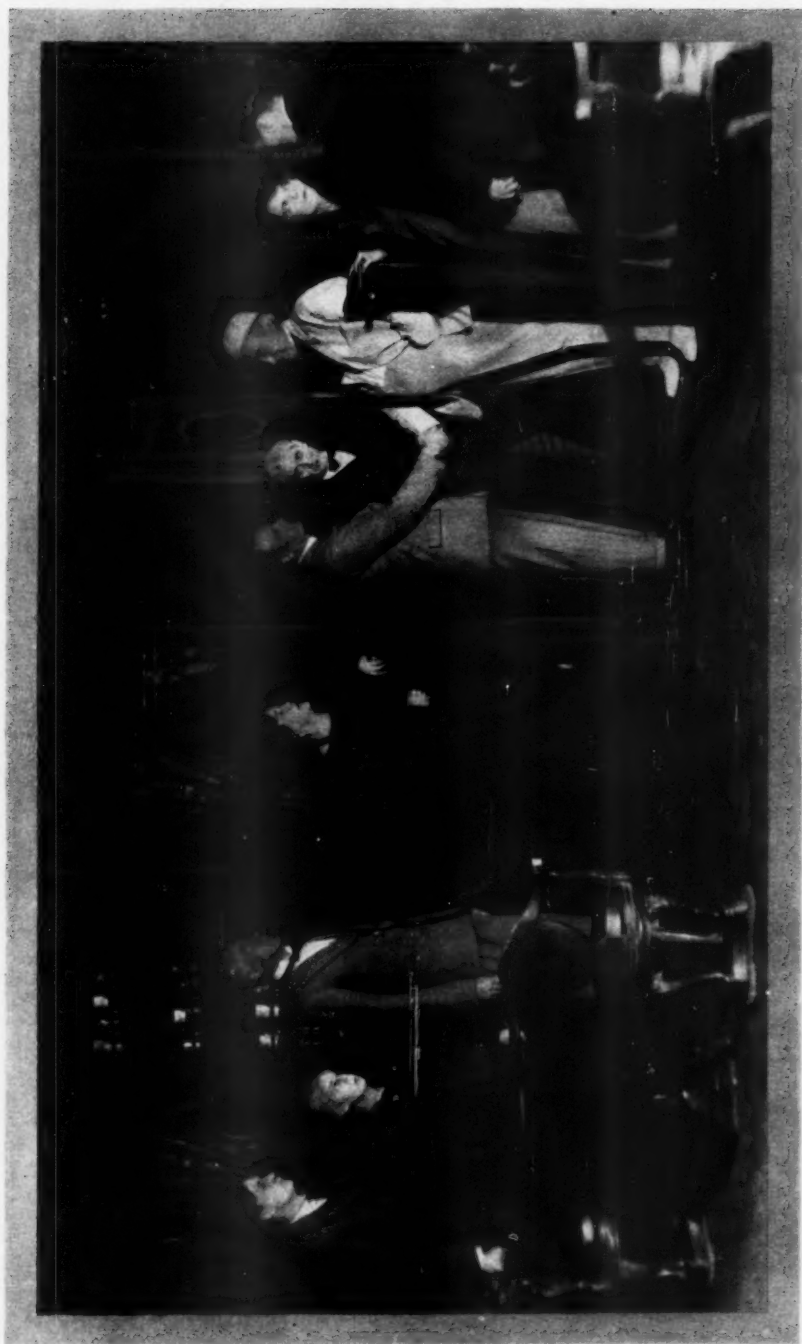
Lingley is ordered off the boat. Mrs. Cliveden-Banks is next examined and her feline character is exposed. She also is condemned to go ashore and live again with her first husband whom she had exploited and ruined by her vicious tongue. She shrinks from further contact with him, declaring her sentiments.

Tom's turn comes, and he is condemned to take a cottage with Mrs. Midget (his mother) in what promises to be hell for him (not knowing her to be his mother) and heaven for her. It is her mother's love that saves him.

In a concluding scene the suicides, Ann and Henry, appear by themselves. They wonder why they have not been called to judgment by the boarding officer, Thomson. The smoking-room has become a gassed, sealed tomb. Only love from the outside can engineer their escape. It arrives in the form of a devoted dog, Jock, whom Henry hears barking and who succeeds in smashing a port window and letting air into the room. There is a question as to whether Henry, being thus liberated by dog love and permitted to rejoin life for another trial, shall take Ann along with him. In the end he takes her.



THEY ARE "THE HALFWAYS" IN SUTTON VANE'S "OUTWARD BOUND"  
Margalo Gillmore, as Ann, and Leslie Howard, as Henry, are an appealing couple even though they are suicides and "dead ones" in this thrilling sepulchral play.



**THE BOARDING OFFICER GREET'S THE DEAD PASSENGERS IN "OUTWARD BOUND"**

All are weirdly assembled in the smoking-room of the uncanny ship, and it is a question whether they are due to land directly in heaven or in hell.





**A MOVING PICTURE OF COLUMBUS LANDING, AND LAYING CLAIM TO AMERICA**  
In the Yale University educational film "Columbus," the discoverer and his companions are shown leaving the Santa Maria and landing on Watling Island in 1492.



THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL IS FOUGHT AGAIN IN D. W. GRIFFITH'S FILM SPECTACLE "AMERICA"  
Robert W. Chambers wrote the scenario of this photo-chronicle of American history made for the Daughters of the Revolution. Soldiers of the Regular Army impersonated both the Red Coats and the embattled New England farmers.



A PALM BEACH MURAL MADE BY A SPANISH PAINTER

In "Sinbad and the Whale," one of a series of eight murals on Sinbad the Sailor made for the residence of J. M. Cosden at Palm Beach, Florida, we get the authentic touch of the gifted José María Sert. See article on Sert, page 423.



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"THE LAUGHING MANDOLIN PLAYER"

This painting by Franz Hals was recently bought for \$250,000 by John R. Thompson, of Chicago, owner of a chain of restaurants.



Courtesy Dearborn Independent

**A VERONESE MASTERPIECE BEFORE AND AFTER RESTORATION**

The long-lost "Marriage of Isaac," by Paul Veronese, was recently found in New Orleans and, being restored, several human and animal heads emerged.





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#### A PICTORIAL STORM CENTER

John Sargent's "Synagogue," one of a series of murals in the Boston Public Library, offensive to the Jews, was recently spattered with ink by an unknown vandal.

# Pirandello "Hacks at Life"

*His Plays Reveal a Fine Italian Hand*

**I**T is significant to Lloyd Morris, writing in the *New York Times Book Review*, that, after thirty years of writing fiction and a scant six of writing for the theater, Luigi Pirandello, a recent sojourner in America which he has been studying with friendly but critical Italian eyes, is internationally known almost exclusively as a playwright. For his total work in both fiction and the drama is remarkable as the consistent expression of a single central idea—many of his plays are only dramatizations of earlier stories or novels—the idea being the eternal conflict between nature and art.

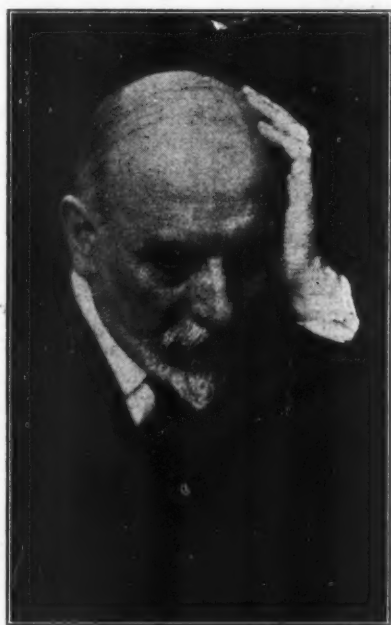
Catechised by a New York audience about his graduation from story-writing to play-writing, Signor Pirandello, whose "Six Characters In Search of An Author" and "The Living Mask" have enjoyed metropolitan runs, confessed that in the beginning of his career he had had a positive horror of the dramatic form because of the personal character of his writings. "In those youthful days I did not really feel what I wrote, for I wrote with my intellect, but later on I began to live the ideas about which I had formerly only written. Then I

realized that narrative was no longer my proper sphere. Thought had become feeling, and so the dramatic form became the natural and spontaneous form of my expression."

As the *Times* critic observes, criticism, both popular and professional, of Pirandello's plays has been concerned very little with what he has had to say and very much with his way of saying it. Such comedies as the two mentioned respond bountifully to the current demand for original and unusual expression in a way legitimate to the playwright but impossible to the novelist. Their effectiveness on the stage has

its source in an adroit, experimental use of novel dramatic devices, which explains why audiences are able to enjoy Pirandello's plays in spite of a confessed perplexity as to their meaning. Puzzled by what he has to say, they are none the less diverted by his way of saying it.

The fact that Pirandello has supplied a noun and an adjective to the dramatic vocabulary of his country must be regarded, Ernest Boyd supposes, in the *Tribune*, as evidence of the seriousness of his success, for Pirandellian and Pirandellism are not terms of re-



A NOVELIST WHO GRADUATED INTO  
PLAYWRITING

Luigi Pirandello, after thirty years of writing fiction and six at playwriting, is best and universally known as a dramatist.

proach like Pineroesque or Robertsonian; their lineage is that of Ibsenite and Shavian. The implication is that the Italian dramatist has introduced into the theater something as new and as revolutionary as did Shaw and Ibsen.

Three plays just made available to the English-reading public\* effect an admirable crystallization of Pirandellism—the breaking up of the sum-total of life into three distinct planes of what it is, what it is made to be, and what it is interpreted to be. Says R. Heylbut Wollstein, in the *International Book Review*, "in each of these plays, an element of impersonal, intellectualized unreality—a consciously assumed rôle, a succession of untrue personalities—is projected, from without, upon the ever-tightening threads of crisis, offering the explanation though not the

ultimate solution of the situation. . . . With the sword-blade of sheer cerebration Pirandello hacks at life, dividing it by neat cleavages into his three great planes. His philosophy provides no solution of life, but rather a means of attaining its clearer envisagement. This, however, is neither pessimism nor optimism, but the pure tolerance of Pirandellism, comparable only with the *pitié* and the *ironie* of Anatole France."

The art credo of this dramatist is contained in his reply to a question as to whether he intends to write a play dealing with the conflict in Italy between the Fascisti and the Socialists. He is quoted as saying: "An artist who is a true artist never seeks or takes a subject cold-bloodedly. It must come spontaneously from within himself, and it cannot come by deliberate forethought. The instant an artist chooses a theme deliberately it becomes no longer art but the product of mere intellect and perhaps propaganda."

\* EACH IN HIS OWN WAY, AND TWO OTHER PLAYS. By Luigi Pirandello. Translated by Arthur Livingston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

## A Performer of Vocal Miracles

Roland Hayes, Singer of Spirituals, is so Described

HEYWOOD BROWN, of the New York *World*, Philip Hale, the Boston music critic, and such other authorities of things musical as the *Musical Courier*, in this country, and the Wiener *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in Vienna, Austria, have developed a spirited rivalry in acclaiming Roland Hayes, the negro singer of spirituals, to be a vocal star of brilliancy and magnitude. Of a recent Hayes program in New York, the first-named critic writes: "Roland Hayes sang of Jesus, and it seemed to me that this was what religion ought to be. It was a mood instead of a creed, an emotion rather than a doctrine. A miracle was in process of performance. Half of those in the audience were black and half were white, and while the mood of the song held (it was a spiritual entitled "The Crucifixion") they were all

the same. One emotion wrapped them. And at the end it was a single sob.

"'He never said a mumblin' word,' sang Hayes and we knew that he spoke of Christ, whose voice was clear enough to cross all the seas of water and of blood. . . . For my part I would rather hear spirituals than any other music. And yet most spiritual singers, white ones especially, will persist in acting as if they were funny. Hayes knows better than that."

The *Musical Courier* elicits Hayes' own views on this subject, since "it has been given to him, more than to any other singer of his time, to express, through these spirituals, the sorrows and sufferings, the hopes and aspirations of a race in chains." In the music journal he thus interprets the spiritual which, he maintains, is never humorous:

"The English language was alien to the negro slave and his choice of words was crude and occasionally meaningless to the sophisticated mind; but the feeling was nevertheless eloquent, regardless of any inaccurate or inelegant language. Precisely that intelligent information which you recognize as being necessary for an accurate estimate of the significance of this music, in my judgment, is also necessary for its intelligent and proper rendition. . . . One cannot penetrate the Negro mind or mentality, or appreciate the psychological background of his music by a superficial survey or a long-distance approach. Furthermore, conditions have changed radically from those prevailing when most of these songs originated. I should by no means be so narrow as to contend that only the Negro can truly interpret his own music; but I do claim that no artist can do so correctly without a thorough intimate and sympathetic understanding of the conditions out of which these songs have come. Especially is this true in the so-called Spirituals, the deep significance of which is rarely to be found in the actual words, and which escapes at times even the bare musical notation.

Illustrating the origin of such a representative spiritual as "Steal Away to Jesus," we are told that during the slave days the negroes of a Southern plantation (on the banks of the Red River) were for a time allowed to go across to the opposite side to a mission which a Northern missionary had set up in order to teach the negroes about Christ. These negroes had such a good time that they talked all day in the fields about it. So much so that the mas-

ter of the plantation became suspicious of their learning things other than religion. This point being decided in the master's mind, he refused to allow them to go again. But the negroes could not forget the new inspiration caused by this missionary's teachings and they vowed that they would find a method of attending these meetings. The leader of the group of negroes thought out a secret method of informing the other slaves as to which night they would go in secret across the river. So he whispered to the slave nearest to him, "Steal away!" The word was passed on until every slave knew what was to take place in the thought that they would again hear the wonderful stories of Jesus. Thus the spoken word was soon incorporated into a melody and was sung quite openly all day in the field in such a way that the master never guessed what was in their minds.

Curiously enough, this negro tenor enjoys singing in Vienna more than

in any other city that has heard him, because "art appears to be generally understood by the Viennese of all classes, not as a fad but as an essential part of their daily existence."

Philip Hale records, in the *Boston Herald*, that year by year Hayes has gained in vocal control and in power of interpretation, until now in Great Britain, France, Austria, Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia, in addition to both the North and South United States, he is hailed as "one of the few leading concert singers of the world."



Courtesy Musical Courier

**BRONZE BUST OF ROLAND HAYES**

It is by Renee Vautier, from a sketch made while singing "Steal Away to Jesus," at the Salle Gaveau in Paris.

# Oil Fields and World Power

## *Uncle Sam and John Bull as Rival Monopolists of Petroleum*

THE people of the United States have suddenly become "oil-minded." The immediate reason, of course, is the Washington investigation of naval oil reserve leases, but the greater and continuing cause is the competition for possession of oil lands throughout the world, in Mesopotamia, Colombia, Russia, Mexico and Turkey.

The race of rival companies to dominate the oil world drags their respective governments after them, into maneuvers, chicane, exchanges of fiery notes, "open-door" insistence and retaliatory tactics, and has enlisted the interest and sympathy of Americans who believe that "oil is power," and that whoever controls the world's oil fields controls the world.

Pat upon the emergence of oil into the foreground of public attention comes "The Oil Trusts and Anglo-American Relations" (Macmillan), with a panoramic view of the history of oil from 1859, when the first American well was drilled, to the outbreak of the present Congressional investigation. Its authors, E. H. Davenport and Sidney Russell Cooke, tell us that "the producing of free oil is primarily an American business, and its rapid development typical of American vitality. As an industry it was born in Pennsylvania in 1859, when an ex-railroad conductor, wearing a top-hat but using tools not fundamentally different from the cable-tools of to-day, drilled the first commercial oil well. In that year about 2,000 barrels of crude oil were produced. Ten years later the annual production had mounted to 4,000,000 barrels, and has since roughly doubled itself every ten years. No other industry in America has equalled that productive effort." The United States is, to all practical purposes, "the world's oil merchant."

Yet the oil business has not been regarded by the general public with cor-

diality, since the general public made no money out of it, though "dazzling individual fortunes have been won."

However, the war commenced a change of feeling. "The national oil pride swelled in 1918." Lord Curzon in Britain declared that the Allies had floated to victory on a billow of oil, and that the United States had supplied 80 per cent. of the Allied requirements for petroleum products.

Lord Cowdray, the great Mexican operator, once remarked to Walter Hines Page, when the latter was Ambassador at the Court of St. James, that what England and America agreed to do the rest of the world would have to do. This is declared to be true of oil, at any rate. "The vital point is that, unless these two countries do agree upon a common principle for oil affairs, there will be serious political trouble in the future," because sixty per cent. of the oil reserves of the world are estimated to lie in the kingdoms of the Middle East, in Soviet Russia and in Central and South American republics, all countries with unstable governments, where the flag is oftentimes obliged to follow trade in order to protect it from extortionate taxation and other forms of blackmail.

In these countries a contagious movement is on foot to nationalize oil deposits, or subsoil rights. Article 27 of the Carranza Constitution of Mexico provided for this nationalization with compensation based upon the tax value, or assessed valuation, of the land, which meant expropriation for a few thousands of pesos land worth hundreds of millions of dollars, because of the purely nominal value at which the land had been assessed for tax purposes.

"President Obregon . . . cannot but love the oil industry as an excellent source of revenue, but he has the Presidential elections to consider, and as a good Mexican he cannot behave as a good American oil



man. The new petroleum law which he has introduced was intended to be a compromise, but leaves the position uncertain and insecure."

Mexico's example has been followed by Roumania, whose government has startled the oil interests by nationalizing the subsoil without any mention whatsoever of compensation. Russia, of course, has nationalized her oil deposits, along with everything else. Turkey is an unknown and riddlesome quantity. All of these difficulties give rise to irritations and flurries of public anger in the midst of which it is difficult for any nation to stick to "the loftiest international principles" — including complete self-determination for every nation, and non-interference in its domestic affairs.

Also an atmosphere is created in which serious jars between great Powers are not unthinkable. In the opinion of the authors of this monograph, "the United States and Great Britain should therefore agree upon this primary principle—to leave their oil interests to fight their own battles, legal or financial. . . . The oil interests are quite capable of looking after themselves."

Second, an effort should be made to define and apply the "open-door" principle. "Practically every country has a clear-cut plan of applying the principle to other countries, but no idea of applying it at home." No country as yet practices it.

"What does the principle imply? . . . It may be regarded as an oil version of the doctrine of free trade. Primarily it means that you should not exclude the



nationals of other countries from operating in your home fields. As a corollary of that, it implies that you should let foreigners operate on the same terms as your nationals."

The authors of "The Oil Trusts and Anglo-American Relations" close their argument with a not altogether convincing demonstration that possession of oil does not make a nation powerful. They admit that it is the great essential of modern warfare, for everything from steam and motor vessels, to airplanes, trucks, tanks and gun lubrication; but they maintain that, providing a country has a fair initial supply of this necessity at the beginning of a conflict, it should have no difficulty in renewing its reserves from other countries.

# Prohibition and Realty Values

## *Volsteadism a Blessing in Disguise to Landlords*

**W**HEN the Volstead Act went into effect in 1919, John Barleycorn—as manifested in corner saloons—gave up the ghost, and many of the largest cities in America experienced something approaching a panic face to face with the problem of how to bury the corpse—how, that is, to put all the real estate upon which booze buildings, booze hotels, and booze factories had been standing, to some productive use. But the feeling of panic did not last long, and real estate values did not remain depressed. A great variety of enterprises rushed into the vacated properties. Felix Isman, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, addresses himself to the enumeration of the forces which turned Prohibition's casualties into profits. It is his conviction that most of the former saloon properties are more valuable for other purposes.

He begins with the corner saloon, and points out how "the chain stores waited in line for them," outbidding one another. "In almost all cases the prominent locations brought more money than the saloons ever paid for them." Saloons in less conspicuous locations were bought up by the chain grocery stores. Saloons on long lease were sublet at a handsome profit by their dispossessed proprietors.

Whereas the saloon had been a one-man business, and any given man could not well have more than one of them, and must derive his entire living in the way of profits out of that one, grocery chain stores can be run in endless numbers and a very narrow margin of profit exacted. "One prominent grocer in New York City wants but a dollar a day profit from each of his stores. . . . The chain store, if its location is successful, can part with a portion of its profit as additional rent, so that, all in all, the transition from saloon to the various branches of mer-

chandize has resulted not only in an increase of value but in a much higher grade of investment."

The hotel, it seems, is more difficult. However, they finally resorted to renting their barroom space to merchants, especially drug stores and barber shops. Then real estate men suggested they extend this business rental to include the entire ground floor—saving only space for an office, and placing their luxurious restaurants on the upper floors or in the basement.

Breweries and distilleries were slower to find markets, but even they made the shift in a time of great building scarcity. Some of them became warehouses. Some were adapted to manufacturing uses. Some remained to manufacture soft drinks, or continued the manufacture of whiskey for prescription use.

"While the cheerful possessor of a prescription slip waits for the clerk to fill the bottle he is rubbing elbows with a crowd of men and women who have rushed in for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. Back of these men is a small boy examining a radio outfit, and at the other counter stands a woman purchasing rouge. Or is it cigarettes? Maybe it is a fountain pen. Anyway, the drug store, in addition to its prescription-whiskey business, is now a soft-drink stand, restaurant and miniature department store. Instead of having to seek low rents, as the old apothecary shops usually did, this new establishment is a bidder for the most expensive spaces in the world."

Long before the Volstead Act the motion pictures had been pressing the saloon hard. One good motion-picture "palace" could usually banish half a dozen saloons from the neighborhood. They were "beating the saloon in a bare-knisted fight, and they simply plunged into prosperity when their adversary was outlawed."

Soft-drink places spread everywhere. Also restaurants. These things were expected, but that prohibition would multiply golf courses was not expected. "The increase in golf courses has been tremendous, with absolutely no sign of diminution." The players are more interested in the game, and concentrate on mastering its fine points.

All outdoor sports have benefited by prohibition, tennis and baseball audiences having grown and multiplied their numbers amazingly. "Never before in this country was there such enthusiasm for outdoor sports. . . . If ten thousand persons attend baseball games where previously only two thousand fans

gathered, every little commercial establishment around the park has a proportionately larger value. Watch them grow from sheds to real buildings."

Directly and indirectly the benefits accruing to realty values from prohibition are so many and various that they almost defy complete enumeration. "No pig," concludes Mr. Isman, "ever had so many unexpected by-products as prohibition. It will be interesting to see how many more of them turn up. Years ago, the first Armour said one used everything about the pig but his squeal; the realty expert did more than that with the realty used for liquor purposes—he utilized the squeal."

## Europe Holds an Inquest

*While America Christens a New Era*

**D**ETROIT, Michigan, and Essen, Germany, are separated by much more than four thousand miles of land and water. One typical of America and the other of industrial Europe, they are so separated mentally that it is hard to believe they are places on the same planet, says Samuel Crowther, in an article in *Collier's*.

Detroit is full of American millionaires and foreign workmen. In Detroit everyone is busy. Each vacant lot is jammed with parked cars. Each of the crowding factories supplies a parking area for dozens and hundreds of workmens cars.

"They represent something more than cars—they represent a new American freedom, a new American

development. The old factory system crowded workmen into slums; the new factory system is able to pay comfortable wages and the cheap automobile lets a man live where he likes. . . . About three weeks before I was in Essen. Compared to Detroit it might have been a city of the dead. Only a few people were on the streets and none by their gait seemed to be going anywhere. . . . Now and then



ACROSS THE SEAS THE BIG WRONG IS NOT WAR; IT IS AMERICA'S HAVING SO MUCH MONEY

—Ray Rohn in *Collier's*.



THEY WILL ACCEPT OUR MORAL INFLUENCE IF WE SEND IT WRAPPED UP IN DOLLARS

—Ray Rohn in *Collier's*.

a motor truck growled though the streets, French military trucks, filled with supplies for the Army of Occupation."

Essen, a "hostage city," once had dreamed golden dreams of money to be made by prodding the world with bayonets. Now it was at the other end of the bayonets. No longer did it regard bayonets as wealth-creating instruments. Stone barricades barred the streets in places, and the listlessness of the sentries was matched by the listlessness of the population.

While America is definitely marching forward to a new and fuller civilization, observes Crowther, Europe is holding an inquest over a civilization that has passed. "Many things about us are far from perfect—I have no notion of riding on billows of eloquence to gloryland. . . . The point is that we have managed to form a country in which poverty may be regarded as a disease of the individual rather than as a class condition."

The whole movement of American industry, as Crowther observes, is directed toward providing immense quantities of cheap, well-made goods and at the same time paying comfortable salaries and wages to self-respecting men. . . . Everywhere the trend on the farm and in the shop is toward using labor-saving devices which will enable a man to produce more and therefore to have more. All of which is utterly contrary to European thought and practise. The head of one of France's largest industries is quoted as rejoicing that he would have no more trouble with his workmen, now that he had branch factories in Czecho-Slovakia and Poland. When the French workmen want too much money they will close the French factories and put pressure on the Czech and Polish workmen. When the men are ready in France to work for what the owners are willing to pay, they will reopen there. It is simply a case of shifting the production to whatever place is paying the lowest wages.

This manufacturer was asked if such treatment of the workmen did not destroy buying power and thus in a measure reduce the market for goods. He replied: "No; workmen and peasants don't buy much, anyway. We make mostly for export."

The idea of American workmen driving their own cars to work aroused lively condemnation as outrageous extravagance. "Not one of them could conceive of the possibilities that lie in the worker's becoming a purchaser of the goods he makes."

"They regard trade as predatory, not as a service, and to this attitude can be traced most of the political and social disturbance of Europe. It has never been demonstrated in Europe that more can be had by earning than by taking.

"Europeans are not nearly so anxious to be saved as we are to save them. They are perfectly willing to accept our moral influence whatever it may be, provided we send it wrapped up in dollars. In America we consider war as wrong. Across the seas the big wrong in the world is not war. It is America's having so much money."

# A Troubadour of God

## Chesterton Pays Tribute to Saint Francis

**I**T is surely a fact of some spiritual significance that two of the greatest of England's intellectuals, Bernard Shaw and Gilbert K. Chesterton, have matched wits in new interpretations of sainthood. Bernard Shaw's play, "Saint Joan," was featured in the March issue of *CURRENT OPINION*. Mr. Chesterton's book, "Saint Francis of Assisi," has just been published in America by the firm of Doran. As unlike in style and treatment as the characters of the two authors, these tributes must nevertheless be linked as embodiments of the homage paid in our time to two of the supreme figures in Roman Catholic tradition.

Mr. Chesterton, as is generally known, is now himself a Roman Catholic. He writes from within the church of the man who is sometimes described as the most lovable of all the saints, and his book is commended by the leading English Catholic paper, the *London Tablet*. But even Roman Catholicism has not tamed Chesterton. He expresses himself with the abandon to which we have long been accustomed, and his paradoxes glitter and flash as of old.

The founder of the Franciscan order dedicated to the triple vows of poverty, chastity and obedience might be described as, primarily, a religious personality. Or he might be characterized as a divine demagogue, the world's one quite sincere democrat.

Or he might be presented as a pioneer of all that is most liberal and sympathetic in the modern mood: the love of nature; the love of animals; the sense of social compassion; the sense of the spiritual dangers of prosperity and even of property. Mr. Chesterton prefers to portray him as an inspired troubadour—"the one happy poet among all the unhappy poets of the world."

Something of the spirit of Wordsworth and of all the great pantheists was in Saint Francis, but he was "the very opposite of a pantheist," Mr. Chesterton assures us. "He did not call nature his mother; he called a



EVEN ROMAN CATHOLICISM CANNOT TAME HIM  
G. K. Chesterton, who is shown here in a caricature made by Will Dyson for the *London Mercury*, is just as fantastic now as he was in his unregenerate days.



particular donkey his brother or a particular sparrow his sister."

Mysticism was rooted in him, but he believed in mysticism and not in mystification. "As a mystic he was the mortal enemy of all those mystics who melt away the edges of things and dissolve an entity into its environment. He was a mystic of the daylight and the darkness; but not a mystic of the twilight. He was the very contrary of that sort of oriental visionary who is only a mystic because he is too much of a skeptic to be a materialist."

If Saint Francis was a poet and can only be understood as a poet, he had one poetic privilege denied to most poets. "He was a poet whose whole life was a poem." The argument proceeds:

"He was not so much a minstrel merely singing his own songs as a dramatist capable of acting the whole of his own play. The things he said were more imaginative than the things he wrote. The things he did were more imaginative than the things he said. His whole course through life was a series of scenes in which he had a sort of perpetual luck in bringing things to a beautiful crisis. To talk about the art of living has come to sound rather artificial than artistic. But Saint Francis did in a definite sense make the very act of living an art, though it was an unpremeditated art. Many of his acts will seem grotesque and puzzling to a rationalistic taste. But they were always acts and not explanations; and they always meant what he meant them to mean. The amazing vividness with which he stamped himself on the memory and imagination of mankind is very largely due to the fact that he was seen again and again under such dramatic conditions. From the moment when he rent his robes and flung them at his father's feet to the moment when he stretched himself in death on the bare earth in the pattern of the cross, his life was made up of these unconscious attitudes and unhesitating gestures."

The poetic faculty in Saint Francis was never more dramatically manifested than on the occasion when, as an old man going blind, he allowed his

eyes to be cauterized with the invocation: "Brother Fire, God made you beautiful and strong and useful; I pray you be courteous with me." It was manifested again when he was dying and was lifted at his own request off his own rude bed and laid on the bare ground. "As he lay there," Mr. Chesterton comments, "we may be certain that his seared and blinded eyes saw nothing but their object and their origin. We may be sure that the soul, in its last inconceivable isolation, was face to face with nothing less than God Incarnate and Christ Crucified. But for the men standing around him there must have been other thoughts mingling with these; and many memories must have gathered like ghosts in the twilight, as that day wore on and that great darkness descended in which we all lost a friend." Mr. Chesterton writes further:

"For what lay dying there was not Dominic of the Dogs of God, a leader in logical and controversial wars that could be reduced to a plan and handed on like a plan; a master of a machine of democratic discipline by which others could organize themselves. What was passing from the world was a person; a poet; an outlook on life like a light that was never after on sea or land; a thing not to be replaced or repeated while the earth endures. It has been said that there was only one Christian, who died on the cross; it is truer to say in this sense that there was only one Franciscan, whose name was Francis. Huge and happy as was the popular work he left behind him, there was something that he could not leave behind, any more than a landscape painter can leave his eyes in his will. It was an artist in life who was here called to be an artist in death; and he had a better right than Nero, his anti-type, to say *Qualis artifex pereo*. For Nero's life was full of posing for the occasion like that of an actor; while the Umbrian's had a natural and continuous grace like that of an athlete. But Saint Francis had better things to say and better things to think about, and his thoughts were caught upwards where we cannot follow them, in divine and dizzy heights to which death alone can lift us up."

# The New Cult of Gurdjieff

## An Effort to Realize "Cosmic Consciousness"

THE arrival in America of G. C. Gurdjieff and forty of the students and musicians associated with him in the recently founded "Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man," near Paris, has served to call attention to a cult which is widely regarded as the logical successor of "Couéism" and other suggested remedies for human ills. Mr. Gurdjieff, we learn from Christopher Morley's latest book, "Inward Ho!" (Doubleday, Page), has been conducting a kind of colony in the forest of Fontainebleau, where with music, rhythmic gymnastics, quaint costumes, perfumed fountains and mystical discipline, the inner secrets of life are resolutely pursued. One of his co-workers has been P. Ouspensky, whose "Tertium Organum" is described as the Bible of the seekers after "cosmic consciousness."

H. G. Wells and Rudyard Kipling are both said to be interested in the cult of Gurdjieff, and A. R. Orage, former editor of the *New Age*, Algernon Blackwood, English novelist, and John O'Hare Cosgrove, editor of the *New York World Magazine*, have all fallen under his spell. Katherine Mansfield died at the "Forest House" in Fontainebleau; and her husband, John Middleton Murry, has written of the Gurdjieff Institute (in a letter to the *London Daily News*) that "there is no charlatanry about it. Something quite real is being attempted there. What that something real is cannot be defined in a letter, or in many letters. But the most important of my conclusions (to my own mind) was that, so far as I could see, that Institute did not solve the problem it professed to solve: it merely made its adherents unconscious of the problem for a time. In other words—highly metaphorical words, no doubt—it was a drug, a very potent and searching drug, but one of whose ulti-



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### HE HAS COME TO AMERICA AND IS MAKING CONVERTS

Giorgus Gurdjieff preaches a gospel based upon music, rhythmic gymnastics and mystical discipline.

mate beneficence no man living can speak with authority."

Mr. Gurdjieff is described in the *New Statesman* (London) as a man of Greek origin who spent his youth in Persia. Thirty years ago he organized an expedition to investigate "the wisdom of the East" and set out, with other savants, for Central Asia. He garnered there, this London writer tells us, a mass of material which "covers almost every branch of human knowledge," and in much of its content is "in advance of anything known to European

science." The *New Statesman* writer gives the following account of the Forest School:

"The life is very simple and uncomfortable, the food is adequate but too starchy for an ordinary stomach, the work is extremely hard. The physical work, indeed, results often in a degree of exhaustion which perhaps exceeds anything that was produced even by a prolonged spell in the winter trenches of Flanders in 1917. Yet behind it all there is no theory of asceticism or of the 'simple life.' Work at Fontainebleau is a medicine and a curse. Carried to extremes it creates increased capacity for effort and provides rich material for self-study—no more than that. Cold, hunger and physical exhaustion are things to be endured not for their own sake, nor to acquire 'merit' of any description, but simply for the sake of understanding the physical mechanism, making the most of it, and ultimately of bringing it into subjection. Other conditions provided at the 'Institute'—with an ingenuity that is almost diabolical—offer similar opportunities for the study of the emotional mechanism, but that side of the work cannot be described in a few sentences."

The theory of the cult, as Raymond G. Carroll interprets it in the *New York Evening Post*, is to achieve super-consciousness as the old Asiatics did. This is done by subduing the body. Normally, he tells us, only about one-fourth of the functions of the body are conscious, while three-fourths are unconscious. Gurdjieff "claims to have the knowledge necessary to extend the conscious functions of the body into the domain of the unconscious so that by act of the mind you can regulate your circulation of blood or gland functions as freely as you now whirl an arm around your head or swing your leg in the function of walking." In short, "the production of cosmic consciousness is the goal of the cult, and the inducement held forth for success is that if you attain it in perfection, when you die you can choose your next abode—select where you go after the earthly death."

The first American demonstration of the Gurdjieff theories, as given to an invited audience recently in a hall on the upper west side of New York, is thus described by Mr. Carroll:

"First came the dances performed by a flock of men and women attired in loose-fitting garments and soft shoes. It was most fantastic, for each person was moving in a different way. A strange orchestra under the direction of a man named Hardman furnished the music, which was weirdly Eastern. The beating of a tomtom predominated. The movements were symbolic, but not sensual, for, strange to relate, here is a cult in which sex does not figure at all.

"It is impossible to enumerate either the names or the forms of the sacred dances displayed and which were a part of the worship of antiquity. A lady who seemed up on them explained that the dances were in the olden days adapted to many purposes—to thanksgiving, praise, supplication and humiliation. Then there was the whirling dervish dance that used to be a feature with the Barnum & Bailey circus.

"Gurdjieff directed the dancers, setting them going with a wave of his arms and then bringing them to a quick stop when, singular to state, they kept their balance in the last position taken, standing like statues carved in wood. The dancers seemed under the spell of a hypnotic or magnetic power.

"The music outjazzed jazz, and although Gurdjieff is not a musician the harmonies and melodies played were taken down by Hardman from Gurdjieff's memory of what he had heard in his 'search for truth' in the East. Gurdjieff claims they date back to the very earliest antiquity, through inscriptions on monuments as well as through their performance in certain temples down to the present day.

"The conclusion of the program was a demonstration of various tricks, semi-tricks and real phenomena occurring in religious ceremonies and based chiefly upon hypnotism and magnetism in the broad sense."

What puzzled Mr. Carroll was that humans could be found to lend their minds to the vague philosophies, and their bodies to the extraordinary gyrations, of the cult.

# A Boston Banker Discovers God

## *Philip Cabot's Startling Confession*

THE idea of "conversion" from a worldly to a religious point of view is so familiar that it needs to display unusual elements in order to hold our attention. Such unusual elements are surely present in the case of Philip Cabot, of Boston, recorded by Mr. Cabot himself in two articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* and exploited in the daily press, as well as in religious papers. Mr. Cabot is tremendously in earnest; he knows how to write; and he has the power to make us feel, at least for the time being, not only that his own experience is important, but that religion itself is the one important

thing in the world. He has been invited by President Lowell, of Harvard University, to deliver, next spring, the annual Ingersoll Lecture, and has chosen for his subject the "Immortality of Man."

Ten years ago his doctor gave him thirty days to live. "Fed on stimulants and sawdust," as he puts it, reacting from the spurious excitements in which he had tried to find happiness, he cared very little whether he lived or died. At the present time he is living the active life of a banker; controls millions of dollars in trust funds; and finds time to write articles, to address



HE SAYS THAT HE WAS "LITERALLY DEATEN AND BATTERED INTO FAITH"

Confronted by death and indifferent as to whether he lived or died, Philip Cabot, of Boston, declares that he "saw the Infinite" and that his "finite self shriveled into nothing."

Sunday schools and to organize evangelistic crusades.

The unusual experience that led Mr. Cabot to his present state of mind may be traced in his *Atlantic Monthly* articles. He had graduated, it seems, from Harvard at the age of twenty-one and had been gripped by the preaching of Phillips Brooks, but had lost interest in religion after leaving the university. He went into business as a manager and promoter of public utilities, and helped to build the Turners Falls Power and Electric Plant, costing \$12,000,000. He was successful, but he was not satisfied, and he gives at some length the reasons for his dissatisfaction in the first of his *Atlantic* articles, entitled "The Conversion of a Sinner." He speaks of an intimate friend whose business, "as with most powerful business men in America to-day," was not a trade nor an intellectual pursuit, but "a game of wild excitement, played day and night, not for money or the advancement of knowledge or the benefit of mankind, but for the excitement of the game itself"; and he knew that he shared the same attitude. He goes on to speak, in the second article, entitled "Adventures in Christianity," of the drastic measures which he felt impelled to take in order to deliver himself from increasing misery. The two articles make up what Edward H. Cotton, in the *Christian Register* (Boston), describes as "one of the most remarkable confessions of a business man in recent times."

In further statements made in the *Christian Register* in an interview with Mr. Cotton, Philip Cabot has told his story in language that haunts the imagination. He begins:

"I jumped at once from college into the stir and thrill of an active business career. Along with my associates in the game I doped my soul while I gratified the physical sense which demanded that I drive ahead under higher and higher tension and attract more and more business. I did it because I liked to do it. I loved the feeling of responsibility and power. With other men of my station I tore about

from morning to night. The day began with a directors' meeting at ten in the forenoon and ended at midnight with a bridge party. Now that sort of life followed year in and year out is likely to result as follows:

"You find yourself living in a world of worry, fear and conflict. While you drive the body to an excess of speed you lull the soul into temporary security. You are like a man who takes opium to quiet pain, or one who holds his head under water to silence the squawk. If the man takes enough opium, he will kill the body; if he holds his head under water a sufficient length of time, he will drown. That is precisely what happened to a number of the men who were living as I was; in fact, I am the only one of the young men with whom I started who is either not dead or hopelessly shattered."

For every man there comes a day of reckoning. For Philip Cabot it came, after thirty years, when he was stricken by a serious illness. He found himself confronting death. He looked at it face to face. He "saw the Infinite," and his "finite self shriveled to nothing." He tells us that the feeling was borne in upon him, irresistibly, that the trouble with himself and with his associates was that they *had no faith in God*. "We were bewildered. We were like a traveler who has lost his way in the great northern wilderness, and lacks a compass. If you were ever lost in the woods, you know how it seems. A feeling comes over you of fright and panic. Well, that is how we felt; and it is how an amazingly large number of men feel to-day." He continues:

"Finally, I discovered that the only way of escape, positively the only way, was through a dominant faith in God. The road to that belief was not a smooth one. It was rough, and there were formidable mountain peaks to scale. I was literally beaten and battered into faith. But once you have the feeling—then follows consolation indescribable. You have a certain gratification, as when you listen to sweet music. It is the satisfaction of hunger and thirst appeased. It is not an intellectual process. You may not tell whence it comes or how. But it warms you, enthuses the entire being."



# Pacifist Insects Would Imperil Man

## Science Finds Constant Warfare Reigning Among Them

CONSTANT warfare among insects restricts their numbers and enables human beings to populate the earth more largely than would otherwise be possible. Indeed, writes Dr. A. S. Brown, in the New York *Tribune*, insects would drive mankind from the face of the earth if they were pacific in nature.

Take the case of the boll-weevil. Fortunately for cotton planters, this scourge has a host of insect enemies ever ready to fall upon it and destroy it. More than fifty species of insects are known to attack the boll-weevil in its immature stages. It is found that almost every year as the weevil extends its occupation area new enemies are encountered, among the worst being the cotton-leaf worm, several species of ants, the cotton-leaf caterpillar and numerous beetles and species of other weevils, like the iron-weed and pepper weevils.

Attempts have been made to assist the insect enemies of the boll-weevil to make war on it. Around all cotton fields plants are found which harbor the boll-weevil as well as many of its insect enemies. It is proposed to induce other types of parasites to frequent these plants and leave their native hosts and attack the boll-weevil. It is believed that in the course of time this method would develop some more mighty insect or parasitic enemies of the weevil which would tend to hold it in check.

The insect world is vast, active and most complicated. Insects are, like mankind, free, yet subjects of inexorable and severe natural laws and an iron discipline, says Dr. Brown. They have a few days of sunshine in their brief lives and many that are arduous and stormy. As Darwin demonstrated, the competition among individuals and kinds of insects for space in its habitat, for its share of sufficient food and

leisure and opportunity to produce offspring is as strong as in the higher animals. Even amid their own kind there is a constant struggle.

"Among wasps, bees, spiders, ants or common flies there is a perennial and fierce struggle for food, comfort and social position, or power. The golden butterfly, or the azure beetle, which look so beautiful and peaceful, experience the same trials and tribulations which come into the lives of ants or bees. These adverse forces mold their characters, guide their habits and lead to changes in their species and general characteristics.

"A few observations on the common housefly may be taken as representative of what most insects have to contend with, whether they are strong beetles like the Egyptian *Heliocantharus*, or the Brazilian *Phanæus splendidulus*, or a frail lacewing fly.

"An enormous number of flies are killed each year by fungal diseases which attack them like fevers in the animal world. The majority of domestic flies that die in the autumn are killed by a fungus growth known as *Empusa muscæ*. The spores of this fungus drop on the body of a fly and are held by the hairs so that it takes root and grows and rapidly saps the host of its very life blood.

"Strange four-winged insects called spalangia attack the larvæ of flies, and there are other flies, like the figities, and many kinds of weevils, beetles and grubs which prey upon the larvæ of flies. Ants and wasps also are most active foes of the larvæ. If it were not for the tremendous activities of the hosts of enemies of flies in destroying the insect in all its life stages, town and city life would be unbearable from the clouds of flies which would locate in them."

A Canadian engineer has described how a small wasp in Ontario preyed upon flies. He was living in a hut on a new railroad location. A table in the hut was found to collect a large number of wings of the common flies which were abundant in the vicinity. Watch was kept to find the cause of the ac-

cumulation of wings. It was soon seen that a small wasp was located on the ceiling. He spent each day darting out at every fly which entered the hut, seizing it by the neck and, after carrying it to a rafter, nipping off the wings so that the fly became incapable of flying away. This wise hunter always had an abundance of fresh food at his command, and appeared to secure much pleasure from his hunting.

Cats, rats, birds, poultry, lizards,

toads and frogs all capture adult flies whenever they can, and many of the larger animals destroy immense numbers of flies. It may thus be seen how nature has placed restrictions upon the free increase in the numbers of any species of insects and the many animal and parasitic enemies of insects man can assemble to help him wage war upon any injurious insect, like the boll-weevil, that he may at any time wish to destroy.

## Mercury Vapor Displaces Steam

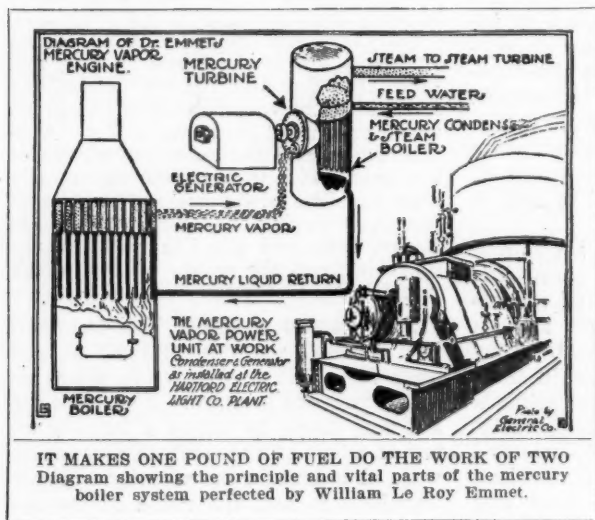
### A New Boiler to Revolutionize Power Production

**S**TEAM-POWER production has been entirely revolutionized, according to technical experts, by the installation in the plant of the Hartford Electric Light Co. of a newly-perfected mercury boiler. A year ago William LeRoy Emmet began experimenting with his device for making one pound of fuel do the work of two, bringing his labors to fruition the other day when power was successfully delivered to the Connecticut city. Not since the introduction of the steam turbine has there been such a contri-

bution to the mechanics of steam-power service, if all the merits claimed for this novel boiler are borne out in final practice.

The mercury boiler is based on the fact that mercury boils at a much higher temperature than water, though not too high for ordinary fuels, and that thus much more heat can be stored in mercury vapor than in steam. This excess heat is used in an auxiliary apparatus to boil water into steam, which in turn drives an ordinary steam turbine in addition to the one driven

directly by the mercury. So great is the heat efficiency of the mercury boiler that it would be practicable even if used only as a heat conveyor and without being first employed to drive a turbine-generator. As it works out, it may be said that the turbine operated directly by mercury is being run free of cost. The mercury boiler at Hartford has the same sized firebox and occupies the same floor space as a water boiler of 600 horse-power rating, but it can develop 5,300 horse-power. It



IT MAKES ONE POUND OF FUEL DO THE WORK OF TWO  
Diagram showing the principle and vital parts of the mercury boiler system perfected by William Le Roy Emmet.

can use either coal or oil for fuel, although at the present time it is being operated by oil in order to facilitate the taking of experimental data.

The cost of providing mercury for the boiler, engineers are reported as saying in the *New York Times*, is a very minor item in the operation of a mercury plant, because it is a permanent investment. In a small tank near the boiler at Hartford the company keeps its supply, some 30,000 pounds. Mercury now costs between 50 cents and \$1 a pound, and this represents an investment of about \$26,000. Samuel Ferguson, vice-president and active head of the Hartford company, pointed out that this was only \$4 per kilowatt of power produced and was almost negligible in comparison with the other

station investment of \$125 per kilowatt.

Mr. Emmet sums up under four heads the chief advantages of his invention:

1. It produces 50 per cent. more power from each pound of fuel.
2. Its installation in a power-house requires no radical changes in apparatus other than the substitution of a mercury boiler for the steam boiler.
3. The mercury is used over and over again without loss and necessity of replenishment and, since all joints are welded to prevent the escape of mercury vapor, there is no danger of mercurial poisoning.
4. The mercury boiler is a greater step in the manufacture of power over the present-day steam turbine than the steam turbine was over the reciprocating engine.

## Another Universe Is Discovered

*It Is Six Quintillion Miles Away from the Earth*

**A**NOTHER universe of stars has been discovered and measured. Photographs made at the Harvard Observatory show that a faint and nameless luminous haze in the sky, in the constellation of Sagittarius, the Archer, is a universe corresponding to the solar system, although perhaps smaller.

Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard Observatory, estimates from his photographs that it takes light a million years to travel from the new universe to earth. It is declared to be the most distant object ever seen by the eye of man. The most distant stars and clusters or nebulae in the universe known prior to this measurement are about 250,000 light-years away. The new universe is six quintillion miles away.

This object, known to astronomers only by its number in star catalogues, N. G. C. 6822, was first observed many years ago by the late Dr. E. E. Barnard, but only recently have pictures been made of it by the 100-inch reflect-

ing telescope at Mt. Wilson, the largest telescope in the world. It is these photographs which have made possible the identification of this cloud of stars as a universe like our own. It is similar, these pictures show, as do others taken by Dr. Perrine of the Cordoba Observatory in Argentina, to the Magellanic Clouds, faint patches of light in the sky of the southern hemisphere, first seen by Magellan and now recognized as great stellar systems distinct from the Milky Way and our own stellar system, although much smaller than it.

The study of the photographs made at the Harvard Observatory is reported by *Science Service* to show that N. G. C. 6822 covers an area in the sky less than one-thousandth of that covered by the large Magellanic Cloud. But this difference in size, as well as the extreme faintness of N. G. C. 6822, can be accounted for by its much greater distance in space. The photographs show that its most brilliant stars are little, if any, brighter than magnitude

eighteen. It is only because thousands of stars are packed closely together that the object could be seen faintly in Barnard's telescope.

The angular dimensions and the brightness of some of the nebulae that belong to the new cloud have been estimated on the Harvard photographs and compared with similar objects in the Magellanic Clouds. Estimates of the distance of N. G. C. 6822 will be made more accurately when the variable stars found through the Mt. Wilson telescope have been thoroughly studied.

The greatest estimate of the diameter of our universe is 350,000 light-years, and N. G. C. 6822, the farthest outpost of infinity captured by the mind of man, is three times as far away.

The constellation Sagittarius, in which it is found, is now too near the sun to be visible. It can be seen during the summer, the constellation being the next to the east of Scorpio, the familiar "kite" of the southern sky in summer and containing the great red star Antares.

## Science Devises a Painless "3rd Degree"

Introducing the "Capillary Electrometer" and the "Lie Detector"

**I**T is a far cry from the rack and torture chamber of the Middle Ages to the modern "Lie Detector," as perfected by two western scientists; but, according to an article in the *Dear-born Independent*, the painless method of enforced confession will soon be a necessary factor in criminal investigation.

Six per cent. of the inmates of our prisons are innocent of wrong-doing, say the penologists and welfare workers. It is to insure the proper meting out of justice that these experiments have been made.

Professor John A. Larson, of the University of California and consulting crime expert of the police department of Berkeley, California, has perfected an instrument for "nailing the lie" that depends on the quickened pulse and heightened respiration of the individual under suspicion. So successful has been the proving of this device that it has been adopted in several cities. More than 2,500 tests have been made, as many as sixty persons in some instances having been examined before the guilty one—or the one who was not telling the truth as he knew it—was discovered. Of those whom the instrument declared to be lying, approximately eighty-five per

cent. have confirmed the findings by later confessions, either before or after conviction by juries.

The principle of this machine is based on the fact that under the excitement of questioning, heartbeats and breathing cannot be controlled. Records of these emotional reactions are shown on two moving, upright cylinders, on which play two needles, the one electrically connected with a chest-band which yields or contracts with the slightest change in the respiration, and the other similarly connected with a wrist-band which is equally sensitive to the heart action.

Entirely different in operation is the so-called "Capillary Electrometer," a development of the galvanometer, originated by Dr. Albert Schneider, dean of the North Pacific College, Portland, Oregon.

It consists of a series of capillary tubes, minute in diameter, one of which contains a thread of mercury so fine that it can be seen only through the lens of a microscope. The tube containing this microscopic column of quicksilver is graduated in fractions of a millimeter, likewise so tiny that they can be read only through the microscope.

The subject, or suspect, as crimi-

nologists would prefer to call him, is seated at a table for the ostensible purpose of a mental examination, nothing being said about the crime with which he is believed to be connected, and nothing done to excite his emotions. No record of the "normal" is made, as in the case of the Lie Detector, since such standard is unnecessary, as will be seen from the working of the instrument. The subject is asked to place the forefinger of each hand on a metal terminal, from which a very fine wire runs to the electrometer. The only current applied to the instrument comes from the body of the subject, through his forefingers, and over the almost microscopic wires to the minute column of mercury in the tube. The reader of the instrument is under a hood; his presence may or may not be known to the subject. The eye of the reader never leaves the fractional millimeter scale on the capillary tube, and he says nothing at any time to the subject.

An assistant, who apparently is making the test, asks the subject to say the first word that comes into his mind when the assistant mentions another

word to him. The assistant begins—understand that no questions are asked, association of ideas being the fundamental theory on which the instrument works—and the subject replies to each word with the first word it brings to his mind. The subject is thus brought, slowly, gradually, and without disturbing his mental balance, to the immediate action of the crime. To quote Dr. Schneider:

"Immediately on hearing a word, a guilty man will check his mind, fearing that by his answer he may 'give himself away.' At the exact fraction of a second in which the subject thus checks his mind, looking for a word which shall not connect him with a crime, the current running to the capillary electrometer is checked, the rising column of mercury stops to climb, and we know that we have found in the man what the psychiatrists call a 'complex.' Slowly, without the subject knowing it, his mind, involuntarily controlling the functions of his body, is doing the very thing he feared that he would do inadvertently with words—'giving him away.' We then check back on this complex, knowing that he is concealing something there, and further adroit questioning virtually always brings out the truth, as the subject knows it."

## Earth to Freeze and Fall Into the Sun

### Glacial Cosmogony "Explains" the Origin of the Heavens

GLACIAL cosmogony is the name given a new theory of the origin of the universe, developed by the Viennese scientist, Dr. Hans Hoerbiger, which is causing widespread comment in European journals of science. A stout volume, published by H. Voigt, in The Hague, entitled "Ice: A World Building Material," is a sort of introduction to the work of the Austrian savant. Following is an extract from it and an interpretation of the theory, which appear in the *Haagsche Post*:

"Let us first take a look at the composites of the universe. The spectra of the sun and of all fixed stars show the presence of hydrogen and oxygen, the two

compounds of water. What we see of the sun are metal gases in glowing form; these are held together by the magnetic power of the kernel of the sun, which is a white glowing metal mixture. All other suns have presumably a similar composition."

Where do the hydrogen and oxygen come from? Water cannot be present in the sun; it cannot come from the hot, glowing kernel. The new theory suggests that hydrogen and oxygen come from the outside. The ice theory maintains that there is an enormous exchange going on constantly in the universe. In a continuous circle, oxygen and hydrogen grow dense and be-



come water which, on account of the low temperature of the universal ether, must take on the form of ice. The ether is filled with ice. From the ether the ice returns in innumerable forms to the sun. It melts slowly, diffusing. The resulting steam production may be of such an immense power that it tears a piece off the sun, flings it into the ether and thus causes the rise of new sun systems.

In this way the origin of new sun systems is explained by glacial cosmogony. Now not only mere ice, but entire ice-crusts planets may, and necessarily must, fall into a sun is set forth in several convincing chapters of the book. Our earth, too, will some time fall as an ice globe into our sun and will probably, on account of the quantity of ice it brings with it, cause an enormous production of steam power which will fling a new sun system with its planets into the universe.

Of course, this cosmogony quarrels with the still current theory of Kant-Laplace, according to which glowing gas fogs cloud together in steadily increas-

ing heat and become at last so substantial as to form new suns.

The Milky Way is nothing but an enormous mass of floating ice, according to the glacial cosmogony. This bulk of ice floats in the ether and is made visible to us only by the reflection of the sunlight. The same holds true of star nebulae which the sunlight also makes visible for us. Even the moon fits into the theory; it is covered with a thick layer of ice. According to the theory, Mars, too, would be covered with ice and its famous canals would be nothing but big cracks in the ice.

Our hail would be, according to this glacial theory, broken ice that found its way from the cosmos through the atmosphere of our earth and was there transformed into hail. Cosmic waters, the new theory supposes, contribute to rain seasons on our earth; cosmic powers cause typhoons, cyclones, tornadoes, siroccos and other such storm winds; comets must be classed as falling stars of very fine construction, while ordinary falling stars are nothing but broken pieces of ice.

## A Radio Town Crier

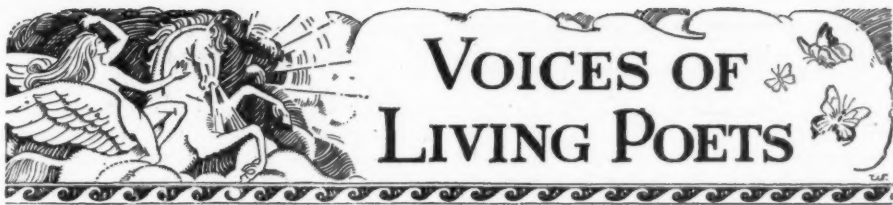
### *Skyscrapers Are Foreseen Equipped With Municipal Announcers*

**R**ECENT experiments have shown that it is possible to amplify the human voice, by means of huge horns and vacuum tubes, so that it can be heard distinctly over a radius of from three to five miles. Going a step farther in this direction, the editor of *Science and Invention* foresees skyscrapers equipped with municipal announcers, consisting of concrete or non-vibrating metallic horns pointing downward. In this position, the sounds will be dispersed towards the street and buildings, and will also prevent rain and snow entering the horn itself. In cities like New York and Chicago, such horns would be erected every one or two miles.

The purpose of these municipal an-

nouncers will be simple. "Any news, either of civic or national importance, can be broadcasted so that the whole city will be able to hear every word. Thus a Presidential speech, a talk by the mayor of the city, or any other important feature can be instantly transmitted to the entire populace.

"For police work, such a device would be invaluable. Suppose a robbery or a murder is committed; the police headquarters can immediately broadcast this news so that every citizen in the neighborhood will be on the lookout for a certain car and will have a description of the law-breaker. The important point is that the information will be instantaneous, which in the detection of crime is of utmost importance."



"ALL true poetry, and even the poetry that flourishes only for a passing day, is living; or, rather it waits to be made alive by those who read it. . . . The beauty, the value, the desirability, the very meaning of a thing, are qualities that depend upon what we ourselves bring to the sight and grasp of them." Thus writes Walter de la Mare, in the London *Beacon*, in an article defining the relation of imagination to poetry. He goes on to say that poetry, whether in prose or verse, is the language of the imagination and that we cannot even do a thing until we have imagined it done. It is a commonplace of psychology that the imagination is stronger than the will. A man's serious and deliberate actions are the outcome of that "mental fight" spoken of by William Blake. So, too, to use words forcefully and intensely entails an expense of energy of a rarer kind than will suffice for any merely physical action. The writing of poetry, maintains Walter de la Mare, is itself a form of action. And poetry itself is the outcome and the revelation of those rare moments when every energy is concentrated upon a single issue, even if that issue be but the telling of a dream. No true poem, observes Mr. de la Mare, was ever written in cold blood or out of an empty heart; no true poem can ever be read in cold blood and with an empty heart. The energy indeed varies, of course, in degree. "But in all true poetry the words have the force and efficacy of deeds; and we, as readers, recreating experience out of the words, must give them that efficacy."

As a test of the soundness of the foregoing argument, let us, in warm blood and with a heart as full as may be requisite, examine the following

poetic estimate, from the *Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post*, of a great dead English poet by a very live American one:

#### A MAN WHOM MEN DEPLORE

BY ALFRED KREYMBORG

HERE lies a frigid man whom men deplore,  
A presence concentrated in a frame,  
A full-length portrait of the flesh of yore,  
A still-life study of a death aflame,  
White, unresistant, intimate and free,  
The eyes a secret, hands as cold as stars,  
A man who lies with his biography,  
A dreaming book whose wounds have dried to scars:

There flies a thrilling soul men cultivate,  
A ghostly eagle solving mysteries,  
His darkest faults, graces they emulate,  
Wings redolent of suns and eyes of seas:  
For they who shrank from his mad human ache  
Call him high Shelley now and praise his wake.

In the same publication, the *Literary Review*, we find the ensuing poem which is not only full of imaginative quality in itself, but demands considerable imagination on the part of the reader:

#### THE DUNES

BY HARRY KEMP

UPON the sand the slant rain falls in vain,  
The multitudes of the arrows of the rain;  
The long, gray slopes sprout cruelty, and the sand  
Creeps on, forever marching against the land  
That would be fertile and fat with ordered peace

If these invasions from the sea would  
cease. . . .

Upon the sand the slant rain falls in vain;  
Futile are the invasions of the rain. . . .  
There lies no bound nor terminus to the  
sand

Sloping its million spears against the land  
Or innumably streaming in charges  
blind

And terrible on the little horses of the  
wind. . . .

And, though each bent blade seems to  
thwart their course,

It only shifts the pattern of their force;  
Innumably they begin again,  
Grain on enlisted, diamond-helmeted grain,  
Overwhelming the armies of the rain. . . .  
Only a bitter, black marsh here and there,  
With a snake-mottled flower savage-fair,  
Or speargrass, naked in the sky's caress,  
Pricks space in universal emptiness.

We particularly admire the ease and  
grace with which the author of the  
following sonnet, from *The Atlantic  
Monthly*, balances himself in line after  
line to a splendid climax and conclu-  
sion:

#### PENDULUM

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

**N**OW the stealthy sunrise hoverer  
Hangs like a long hawk-shadow over  
the sea;

And now the wings of doves whirl stealth-  
ily,

Shaking shadowy water as they whirl.

Let earthworms tunnel in their cool  
closets, stir

Tremendously in the dew; let the blunt  
bee

Nose buckets of damp gold. . . . What is  
that to me?

What is beauty without an interpreter?

Egypt—and no Rosetta Stone to read  
The mockery of the sphinx; Dante in Dis  
Stark blind without the eyes of Beatrice;  
A spring dawn twittering, dripping bead  
after bead

Of fire: and I without your love as dumb  
As any clock without its pendulum.

Among the books of verse which  
find early spring publication is "Many  
Wings" (B. J. Brimmer: Boston), by  
Isabel Fiske Conant, who again attests  
her undeniable lyric talent. For in-  
stance:

#### MANY WINGS

BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

**M**ANY wings are beating  
Into the wind.  
To their adventure  
Earth, sea, be kind!

Dream-plumed, for voyaging,  
One after one,  
Into star-weather  
Out past the sun.

Wind-thrilled between worlds,  
Spreads their desire. . . .  
Be kind to many wings,  
Air, water, fire!

#### DIRECTIONS TO A POET A-FOOT

BY ISABEL FISKE CONANT

**W**HEN you leave the highway  
Look for no sign,  
But the first, least by-way  
That chokes your throat, is mine.

Follow three field's reaches  
Till a sonnet's found,  
Where, beyond the beeches,  
Sky touches ground.

Along the pasture's shoulder,  
Where the path curves its arm,  
And the hill-throat wears a boulder,  
You will find my farm.

The tall hill-girl wears it  
At her girdle's height,  
Pendant from her chain of stones,  
Matrix in the light.

Her skirt's edge is clover,  
The sweet-fern's her blouse,  
And the cloud-shadows cover  
Her brow, and my house.

There an elfin sentry,  
With bayonet of grass,  
Will give you poet's entry  
On a notched pass;

Your wild-name will be on it,  
And, at your journey's end,  
You will ring the sonnet  
At the door of your friend.

Poetic ambition of a high order is  
in evidence on every page of "The  
Hills Give Promise," a handsomely

printed volume of lyrics, together with "Carmus: A Symphonic Poem" (B. J. Brimmer: Boston), by Robert Silliman Hillyer, in which we find among many more pretentious poems the following reminder of the insect world we live in:

## ENTOMOLOGY

BY ROBERT SILLIMAN HILLYER

**I**N August as I lay upon a hill  
I saw black ants and red ones in the  
grass;  
Well-bred, adept, they labored with a will,  
And stepped aside to let each other pass.  
I saw two battling spiders come to terms  
And skate away without another word;  
I also saw a beetle and three worms,  
Which I just mentioned to a passing bird.  
Small jungles, and a ground-mole come to  
grief,  
(If one can judge by such a skeleton),  
A bob-tailed bug upon a strawberry leaf,  
The which I tickled just to see him run.  
These I observed, and many other things,  
But I'll not bore you with particulars;  
At any rate, the afternoon took wings,  
And left the insect, Me, beneath the stars.

Read anonymously at a recent meeting of the Poetry Society of America was the following sonnet, which has since found its way into the pages of *Scribner's*:

## NIGHT OF RAIN

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

**B**BETTER the empty sorrow in the dark,  
The crying heart, the crying eyes  
that stare  
Blindly till morning, than the bitter flare  
Of rainy street-lights, threaded spark to  
spark  
To lure me from this room in my distress,  
Out where you pass—far out beyond my  
sight.  
Better to ~~trope~~ trope in this small space of night  
For sleep, or peace, or any nothingness.  
  
You are not here, and you will not return;  
And if you came—the door is shut, and  
locked,  
And sealed with pride, and barred across  
with pain;  
And now it is for quiet that I yearn. . . .  
I should but lie and listen, if you knocked—  
Rain in my heart, and at my window rain.

Miss Reese, who holds her place of distinction in the choir of answering American voices, achieves what seems to us to be a very delightful effect in the following verses which we discover in *Harper's*:

## LOVELINESS

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

**S**IRS, not any trick of yours  
Can trap her in a net,  
For fools to splutter at, and pass,  
And, being fools, forget.  
Nor think to flout her; such an one  
She sets amongst her foes;  
Nor dream to make a merchandise  
Of a planet or a rose.  
Run to her with a broken heart—  
This is her way of old—  
To strip the gilt cloak off her back  
That one may walk in gold.  
Prove yourself of her house, her blood,  
And she will share each thing;  
Hereditary fields and stars;  
The silver hounds of spring.

The best pastoral poets are said to be city-bred and to dwell in cities, rather than in the country. By the same token, we fancy that the author of the following eulogy, from *The Bookman*, is not so intimate with the three-ball gentry as might be inferred:

## PAWNBROKERS

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

**G**OD bless pawnbrokers!  
They are quiet men.  
You may go once—  
You may go again—  
They do not question  
As a brother might;  
They never say  
What they think is right;  
They never hint  
All you ought to know;  
Lay your treasure down,  
Take your cash and go,  
Fold your ticket up  
In a secret place  
With your shaken pride  
And your shy disgrace,  
Take the burly world  
By the throat again—  
God bless pawnbrokers!  
They are quiet men.

No doubt the wind and the rain said and did exactly what Mr. Frost reports in the following lines, from *The New Republic*, and no doubt he knows more than the language of the flowers:

### LODGED

BY ROBERT FROST

THE rain to the wind said  
 "You push and I'll pelt!"  
 They so struck the garden bed  
 That the flowers actually knelt—  
 And lay lodged—though not dead.  
 I know how the flowers felt.

In a sort of Sahara of mediocre verse which stretches from cover to cover of a recent number of *Contemporary Verse*, we come upon an oasis in which bubbles the following:

### SONG OF DARK WATERS

BY ROY HELTON

I'SE de niggah, I'se de niggah;  
 I'se de niggah makes de works go  
 round;  
 I'se pullin', I'se haulin'  
 Wherever dere's a shovel in de ground.  
 You couldn' lif' de garbage in de old slop  
 cart  
 Withouten men lak me;  
 You couldn' run a vessel on de lakes or  
 ribbahs;  
 You couldn't put a steamer on de sea.  
 I'se a dirt and a black and a filth and a  
 grime;  
 I'se a sweatin' and a laughin' and a grunt-  
 in' all de time  
 And dat's my way to be.

I'se de niggah, I'se de niggah;  
 I'se de niggah in de woodpile of de worl'.

Up der in Heaven where de Lord am livin'  
 Who laid dem streets of pearl?  
 De angels all ben ladies. De postles all  
 ben gents;  
 Jes set and sing and twiddle dere wing  
 And live at de Lord's expense.  
 Who raise dem walls of Shiloh?  
 Who pave dem streets of pearl?

Some old niggah. Some pore old nig-  
 gah.  
 Some old niggah from de woodpile of de  
 worl'.

Seumas O'Sullivan, an Irish poet who, we agree with Padriac Colum, merits a wider recognition in America, has assembled his verses in a volume, "Poems of Seumas O'Sullivan" (B. J. Brimmer: Boston), of considerable poetic displacement. It is full of charm and of Celtic mysticism. We are tempted to quote from it at greater length than in the ensuing measures:

### THE TWILIGHT PEOPLE

BY SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

IT is a whisper among the hazel bushes;  
 It is a long, low, whispering voice that  
 fills

With a sad music the bending and sway-  
 ing rushes:

It is a heart-beat deep in the quiet hills.

Twilight people, why will you still be cry-  
 ing,

Crying and calling to me out of the trees?  
 For under the quiet grass the wise are  
 lying,

And all the strong ones are gone over the  
 seas.

And I am old, and in my heart at your  
 calling

Only the old dead dreams afluttering go,  
 As the wind, the forest wind, in its falling  
 Sets the withered leaves fluttering to and  
 fro.

Whether the ensuing lines, from *Voices*, be in accord with the Modernist or the Fundamentalist interpretation of Holy Writ is a matter of question; but as a genuine little lyric hand-written-on-the-wall they are meritorious beyond question, in our opinion:

### TO ONE OF LITTLE FAITH

BY HILDEGARDE FLANNERY

PUT out the mourners from your heart,  
 And bid your still soul rise.

It is not death, but only sleep  
 That fastens down your eyes.

Return, oh Galilean days,  
 Judean hands, return!  
 Make bloom the lily in the ash  
 Of this neglected urn.



# Our "Barbarous" Gold Standard

*J. M. Keynes Attacks It as a Diseased Appendix*

**D**ECLARING the gold standard to be a barbarous relic whose advocates do not observe how remote it now is from the spirit and requirements of the age, John Maynard Keynes, the British economic expert, in his new book, "Monetary Reform" (Harcourt-Brace), breaks what may be news to many in stating that "a regulated non-metallic standard has slipped in unnoticed. It exists. While the economists dozed, the academic dream of a hundred years, doffing its cap and gown, clad in paper rags, has crept into the real world by means of the bad fairies—always so much more potent than the good—the wicked Ministers of Finance."

His "Economic Consequences of the Peace" will be remembered as a book which, because of its vivid and relentless portraiture of the chief figures in the framing of the Treaty of Versailles, excited international controversy. The purpose and justification of the new book are thus tersely set forth in its preface:

"One is often warned that a scientific treatment of currency questions is impossible because the banking world is intellectually incapable of understanding its own problems. If this is true, the order of society which they stand for will decay. But I do not believe it. What we have lacked is a clear analysis of the real facts, rather than ability to understand analyses already given."

Considerable attention is paid to conditions in the United States and the relations of England and other countries thereto. The book opens with a brief exposition of the effect upon different classes of society of changes in the value of money, a very needful chapter, as an economist, Carl Snyder, comments in the *New York Times*, because, until recent years, very few people have had any notion that the value

of money could or did change to any material extent. Few, for example, realized that the average purchasing power of the dollar declined by nearly a third between the defeat of William Jennings Bryan and the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson. A bond purchased early in 1916 will, on the average, yield in the purchase of goods and service more than 40 per cent. less now than at the time of its purchase. The investors prior to that date have lost, in effect, more than 40 per cent. of their savings. This sort of thing, of course, discourages thrift; and the effects upon the business man, in turn, are that with falling prices he sees his profits imperilled and his enterprise discouraged, while inflation converts him into a gambler and a profiteer.

Stating his position upon the question of restoring the gold standard (in Britain), the author, who was an economic expert of the British Treasury and represented that Treasury at the Peace Conference, says:

"Those who advocate the return to a gold standard do not always appreciate along what different lines our actual practice has been drifting. If we restore the gold standard are we to return also to the pre-war conceptions of bank rate, allowing the tides of gold to play what tricks they like with the internal price level and abandoning the attempt to moderate the disastrous influence of the credit cycle on the stability of prices and employment? Or are we to continue and develop the experimental innovations of our present policy, ignoring the 'bank ratio' and if necessary allowing unmoved a piling up of gold reserves far beyond our requirements or their depletion far below them? . . . Therefore, since I regard the stability of prices, credit and employment as of paramount importance, and since I feel no confidence that an old-fashioned gold standard will even give us the modicum of stability that it used to give, I reject the policy of restoring the gold standard."

The same policy, in his English opinion, which is wise for Great Britain is wise for the United States, namely, to aim at the stability of the commodity-value of the dollar rather than at stability of the gold-value of the dollar, and to effect the former if necessary by varying the gold-value of the dollar.

Mr. Keynes offers some stimulating reflections as to our American monetary policy, although, as the *Times* reviewer of his book observes, "he seems stranger to the view that we in the United States have now an almost miraculous opportunity to bring about a high degree of stability in the purchasing power of gold, and this not only in the United States but for the whole world; since this country alone, of all nations, is rich enough and its trade so vast that it may absorb all the offerings of gold that may be made, and, as it were, demobilize this gold and, if we so desire, deliberately prevent this incoming flood from having its usual and disastrous effect upon the volume of bank credits, and thus upon our price levels." What Keynes says is this:

"In the United States, as in Great Britain, the methods which are being actually pursued at the present time, half consciously, and half unconsciously, are mainly on the lines I advocate. In practice

the Federal Reserve Board often ignores the proportion of its gold reserve to its liabilities and is influenced, in determining its discount policy, by the object of maintaining stability in prices, trade and employment. Out of convention and conservatism it accepts gold. Out of prudence and understanding it buries it."

Finally:

"The theory on which the Federal Reserve Board is supposed to govern its discount policy, by reference to the influx and efflux of gold and the proportion of gold to liabilities, is as dead as mutton. It perished, and perished justly, as soon as the Federal Reserve Board began to ignore its ratio and to accept gold without allowing it to exercise its full influence, merely because an expansion of credit and prices seemed at that moment undesirable. From that day gold was demonetized by almost the last country which still continued to do it lip service, and a dollar standard was set up on the pedestal of the golden calf. For the past two years the United States has pretended to maintain a gold standard. In fact, it has established a dollar standard; and, instead of insuring that the value of the dollar shall conform to that of gold, it makes provision, at great expense, that the value of gold shall conform to that of the dollar. This is the way by which a rich country is able to combine new wisdom with old prejudice."

## Power Plants Draining Niagara Dry

### *Engineers Are Seeking Ways to Save the Historic Falls*

THE great waterfalls of Niagara are threatened with extinction. Power plants are already diverting more than the 56,000 cubic feet allowed. Chicago's drainage and power canal is diverting 10,000 cubic feet per second. Yet the power developed is inadequate, and, faced by a prospective power famine, engineers and financiers are seeking authorization to divert 24,000 additional cubic feet above the Falls.

Already, as John R. Bone points out

in a study of the situation written for the *Boston Transcript*, "it has come to this, that to see Niagara at its best one must visit it on Sunday." By Tuesday industry is roaring away at full blast, and all the housewives in Ontario and New York have their electric irons at work, and "great stretches of rock on the crest of the falls are uncovered, and the waterfall has retreated a considerable distance from the shore line."

In 1909, by treaty with Canada a limit to diversion of water for power



© Maxwell Hamilton

#### NIAGARA AS AN AIRMAN SEES IT AT HIGH WATER

Showing the American Falls which at times are almost drained dry by the great power stations and other demands made on the Great Lakes and Niagara River.

purposes was set at 56,000 cubic feet per second. This amount is one-fourth of the total average flow. Its subtraction naturally reduces the fall by one quarter. That limit has been reached and exceeded, especially at certain periods of the day.

"Much more power is needed in the daytime than at night, more power is needed at 5 o'clock on a dark afternoon than at noon. . . . The 56,000 cubic feet now being diverted is unequally divided, Canada getting 36,000 feet and the United States 20,000 feet. . . . The United States War Department, which has jurisdiction over the matter on the American side, has acquiesced in an interpretation of the treaty which claims that as long as the diversion per twenty-four hours does not exceed 20,000 cubic feet per second on the average, more may be taken during limited periods. And on this interpretation American plants have been authorized to take up to 20 per cent. more than 20,000 feet during the peak-load period."

There is already less water passing

over the American Falls than has been diverted for Chicago's sewerage system. The cataract is 1,000 feet wide and now the water has an average depth of less than one foot. The Horseshoe Falls, 2,600 feet wide, most of which lies in Canadian territory, have fifteen or twenty times this volume of water, but most of the flow is near the center, that is, at the notch of the horseshoe, so that the water at the edges is comparatively shallow. A good strong east wind can blow the waters of Lake Erie back toward Detroit sufficiently to reduce Niagara to a trickle.

It is proposed to build at Buffalo, twenty-one miles above the Falls, a dam which would be a submerged weir half a mile long with a series of sluiceways. "This could be done at a cost of eight million dollars, and would, it is estimated, raise the level of Lake Erie by two feet, Lake Huron by one foot, and bring about an increase of 20 per cent. in the low water flow over the Falls."

## A Great Contrast in Shipping

*While Our Ships Rot and Rust Germany Launches 2,750,000 tons*

**T**HE contrast between the American and the German shipping situations is startling to an extreme. Starting almost from scratch, the German shipbuilders, to the sudden amazement of the world, after only three years' work, already have a virtually brand-new fleet of some 2¾ million tons afloat, that is to say, practically one-half of the total shipping they possessed in their palmiest days before the war. A British shipping authority, F. Sefton Delmer, reports, in *The Nineteenth Century*, that "this new fleet is splendidly organized on a system of national cooperation never before seen in the world and is backed by the whole phalanx of German industrial trusts." On the other hand, the United States, which in the wake of the war spent \$3,500,000,000 on shipping, has to show for it to-day some 1,300 ships worth approximately \$230,000,000. This, plus

what are called miscellaneous shipping assets valued at \$170,000,000, is a little more than 10 per cent. of what we have spent toward a merchant marine.

Garet Garrett goes on to say, in discussing "Our \$3,500,000,000 Nucleus," in the *Saturday Evening Post*, that of those 1,300 ships fewer than 400 are now in active service, leaving some 900 tied up and rotting or rusting. The situation, as reviewed by this writer, is not hopeless, however. For:

"Ten years ago we were off the sea, except in the coastwise trade, which is closed to foreign ships. To-day, under the American flag, for use in foreign trade, we have two great fleets. One is privately owned, the other is government-owned. In the privately owned fleet are sixty-three passenger ships, nearly all of them bought from the government; 230 general cargo vessels and 128 tankers running in the oil trade, measuring in one lot 1,726,000 gross



© P. & A.

### GERMANY LAUNCHES ANOTHER 22,000-TON LINER

Teutons are rapidly developing a new Merchant Marine fleet, having in three years built 2,750,000 tons of shipping.

tons. To this extent the merchant marine has begun to rest on private capital.

"The government-owned fleet is three times as large. It contains forty-five passenger ships of 620,000 gross tons and 1,238 cargo vessels of 5,722,000 gross tons. Of the cargo vessels, two in every three are idle—that is to say, tied up for want of cargo, with much more than half the goods we buy and sell abroad still moving in foreign ships.

"Of the government's idle ships, every other one bears a red indication, meaning economically useless, unfit to compete, a voyage presently to the ship-breaker. If we were at war again, or if other nations were at war, or if ship tonnage for any reason became suddenly scarce, if only it should happen that the whole world were minded to go hard at work once more, those marks would change. However, expert opinion must be right about something. Give selection its merciless way. Let all those ships go. We have still above 800 good, and that is the second largest merchant fleet on the sea, with the superb *Leviathan* at the top of it, six other ships in the North Atlantic ferry where ten years ago the American flag was a rarity, an express line to South America five days faster than any service that was there before, two transpacific ferries of five ships each, and cargo liners in every direct trade route.

"This is not a merchant marine. It runs at a terrible loss. It is a tree that grew suddenly to enormous size from one tap-root, which was war. That root was lopped off. Now the tree is potted—temporarily potted—in the United States Treasury. The intention is to transplant it limb by limb to the soil of private enterprise. But the paying limbs have already been sold off. What remains is a liability. The tree cannot live in this condition. It is already dying, imperceptibly. The ships are wearing out. Meanwhile our competitors are evolving a new type of ship which can be made to pay even in this weather—the big motor ship—which may supplant the steamship as the iron ship supplanted the wooden ship, and sweep us off the sea again."

As for German shipping, we read that in the three years from July 1920 to July 1923 the tonnage launched from German yards to the order of German owners has averaged at a low estimate

about 500,000 tons per annum. In order to estimate the magnitude of this effort it is recalled that the output of the German yards on behalf of German owners in the three years preceding the war averaged only about 300,000 tons per annum.

At the present moment there are said to be in the German yards a little over 100,000 gross registered tons awaiting completion for German companies. It is stated that new orders for shipping are not to be expected when once these new ships have been launched. Exact figures are not yet available for the output between July 1 and December 31, 1923, but including the 100,000 tons mentioned, it may reasonably be assumed that to-day Germany possesses an aggregate of 2¼ million gross register tons afloat.

It is a well-known fact that the German Mercantile Marine has been earning copious profits since again taking up its old trade routes. When ship-owners are reminded that they have been demanding payment in dollars and pounds sterling while paying their own employees, wherever possible, in unstable paper marks, they urge that they are obliged to pay for many of the commodities used in the shipping trade, *e. g.*, coal, oil, lubricants, textiles, ship's paint, etc., in foreign currencies. True, they say, the German seaman has had to be content with \$15 a month less where the British sailor was getting \$45, but as a set-off to this there has been the extra outlay entailed by the three-shift system, which the Socialists have made compulsory on German merchant ships, and by the cost of converting and altering ships so that they may comply with the post-Revolution regulations for the comfort of the crew.

A still further financial privilege enjoyed by the German shipping companies under the inflation system has been the opportunity which that system has afforded them of redeeming their pre-war loans and mortgages by paying what are really mere fractions of the original debt incurred.





## A Master of Political Portraiture

SOME four years ago widespread discussion was aroused on both sides of the Atlantic by the publication in London of a book entitled "The Mirrors of Downing Street." The book consisted of clever and slightly indiscreet character-sketches of England's political leaders, and its author hid his identity under the fantastic *nom de plume*, "A Gentleman with a Duster."

A few months later an anonymous "Mirrors of Washington" did for America something of what the earlier book had done for England. It dealt with the intimate selves of Warren G. Harding, Woodrow Wilson, Elihu Root, Charles E. Hughes and other of our national celebrities, and was regarded as even superior to its English prototype.

Public curiosity played over both books for some time without discovering their authorship. Gradually Harold Begbie was recognized as the author of the English "Mirrors," and Clinton W. Gilbert was held responsible for "The Mirrors of Washington." Mr. Gilbert admits that he wrote the book. At the time when he wrote it he was Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Before that he had served a journalistic apprenticeship as reporter for the New York *Press* and associate editor of the New York *Tribune*. At the present time he is writing a feature for the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and a chain of newspapers under the title, "The Daily Mirror of Washington."

Three of Mr. Gilbert's recent articles have been devoted to William J. Bryan, Joseph P. Tumulty and Edward L. Doheny. The most merciless of the three is that in which Mr. Bryan is described as "continuing to breathe, although dead." This article gives an account of the meeting of the Democratic National Committee in Washington in January. Mr. Gilbert saw the erstwhile Presidential nominee there, pressed against the back wall of the meeting-room, "a spectator, wedged between a fat woman and a cub reporter." He goes on:

"The committee went in a body to pay its respects to Woodrow Wilson, but it did not even ask Mr. Bryan to make a speech or have a chair. Most of the time he was wandering about the lobby of the Hotel Lafayette, attracting no attention.

"Occasionally, a white-haired man would totter up to the desk and ask respectfully for 'Mr. Bryan.' Mr. Bryan would come forward, his scant hair hanging down over his coat collar, and lean his big ear against the lips of his superannuated admirer. A few words would be exchanged and Mr. Bryan would hurry away—nowhere, too important to waste his time upon a ghost from the past and too unimportant to command the time of any one in the present.

"Uncertain even of being sent to the next Democratic Convention, he has to pull the leg of local sentiment in Florida, where he now resides, by declaring for some preposterous Floridan named Murphree for President, in the hope of being thus sent as a delegate to New York. He is not ignored by design. He is ignored because he no longer counts. He reminds me of the passengers in 'Outward Bound,' who don't know they are dead and who go on drinking cocktails and exhibiting

their snobbishness on the famous ferry across the Styx."

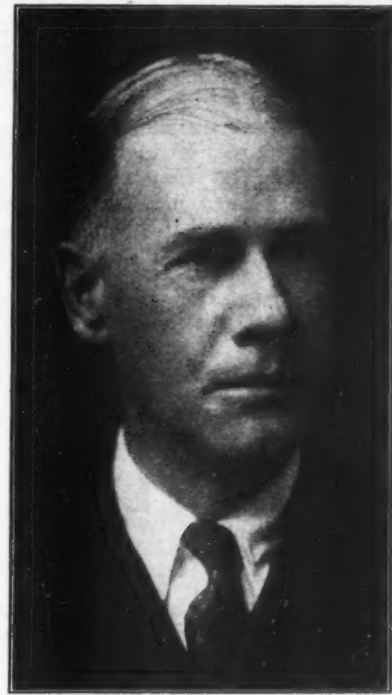
Joseph P. Tumulty, Woodrow Wilson's secretary, appeals to Mr. Gilbert as "that rare sort of man who, when he is your friend, actually loves you." For most of us there is an element of self-interest in friendships. We profit by them in the sense that they leave us less lonely in the world. Or we get on through them. Or we magnify our self-esteem through them. But "Tumulty's nature," Mr. Gilbert assures us, "is too warm and too emotional for that." He continues:

"I have never been one of Tumulty's intimates. I could not join in the indiscriminate worship of Wilson, and I think he always regarded me as more or less an undesirable citizen. But there is not any one I would rather spend an evening with than Tumulty. He runs the whole gamut of emotions. He tells stories as no one else can tell them, for he is a natural and unconscious actor. And when you are through with such an evening you know a little more of the world than you did in the beginning.

"There are several ways of knowing the world. You may know it through action. You may know it through thinking about it as a man of intellect. Or you may know it through the heart as a man of feeling. The last is Tumulty's way. Tumulty loves it and laughs at it and weeps over it all in one breath.

"It was an odd partnership, that of Wilson and Tumulty—Wilson the cold Calvinist and Tumulty the warm Catholic; Wilson the instructive aristocrat and Tumulty the man of the people; Wilson cautious and suspicious and Tumulty impulsive almost to the point of recklessness; Wilson shrinking from men and Tumulty caring for nothing but men. Tumulty supplemented Wilson as no one else in the world could. Without him Wilson would have been almost helpless.

"Tumulty worshipped Wilson because he saw in him the very qualities he himself lacked. Wilson used Tumulty because he found in him the very qualities he himself lacked. If you could have rolled the two into one you would have had one of the world's really great men. And so far as he could Tumulty rolled himself into Wilson, contributing much to his fame. And it



THE AUTHOR OF "THE MIRRORS OF WASHINGTON"

Clinton W. Gilbert not only reflects character, but illuminates it, in his daily political correspondence.

was pathetic that he was somewhat out in the cold when the mourning over his hero went on."

Edward L. Doheny is presented as something of a psychological enigma. All that Mr. Gilbert gets out of his testimony before the Senate committee and his known acts are some "jigsaw scraps" of a personality. "A poor prospector who struck it rich, very rich indeed; a man who lends \$25,000,000 to the President of Mexico; a man who lends or gives \$100,000 to a Cabinet member from whom he expects a valuable lease, who sends about money in suitcases, who tears signatures from notes, who almost boasts that he will make \$100,000,000 from naval oil lands,

who has an inordinate passion for collecting ex-Cabinet members as others collect old masters, who breaks before the Senate inquiry like some poor devil under the third degree."

In reply to the questions, Why does Doheny want to go on making all this money? What is the secret of the desire that pushes him? one of his friends, a co-worker in propaganda in behalf of the Irish Republic, has said:

"Almost a mania for power. He hires ex-Cabinet officers for the sense of power that it gives him to have ex-Secretaries of the Treasury, ex-Secretaries of the Interior and ex-Attorney-Generals working for him. He tosses about the Government of Mexico, setting up one President and pulling down another. He blocks the recognition of Mexico and has it recognized when he chooses, or at least he flatters himself that he does. He loans money to a foreign government like one of those medieval banker-princes. He makes war on Great Britain in Ireland. He juggles a Mexican Republic in one hand and the Irish Republic in the other. If you cross him in the slightest matter he becomes apoplectic with rage. A man with \$60,000,000 and \$100,000,000 more in sight, who deals with foreign governments on a level of equality, is not in the habit of being crossed."

"He did not see anything wrong in sending that suitcase full of

money to Fall," according to another of Doheny's friends. "If he had seen anything out of the way about it he wouldn't have sent his own boy with the money. That boy, Eddie, is the apple of his eye. Whatever he might do himself, he would rather lose his right hand than see Eddie do anything that seemed to be questionable." Yet it appears that Doheny not only concealed the transaction in which the boy participated by sending cash instead of a check, tearing the signature off the alleged note, but he further hid it by having the money taken out of Eddie's own personal bank account. "Money in suitcases?" says Doheny, "why, I often send it in suit-

cases! I can, when I want to, pay a million down in cash."

The explanation that a "mania for power" possesses Doheny, blinding him to ordinary moral considerations, seems to fit the facts. One has to have, Mr. Gilbert observes, an adequate explanation of such a passion for further possessions as is shown in this case. Doheny, Mr. Gilbert concludes, "is the crudest force ever revealed in American life, outside the stories of criminality. The cracking on the witness stand is easy to comprehend on this theory. His power crumbled as he faced an unpleasantly great power."

"**L**IKE the singed cat, he is better than he looks," wrote Richard W. Irwin of Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1907, of the newly elected member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, Calvin Coolidge. . . . I do not think that a whole book will ever tell more about the external and internal characteristics of the President than was put in those ten words. . . .

It is a terrible thing, that singed-cat sense, which many of us have. It drives one man to drink and another to the Presidency. It urges one man to everlasting chattering and the false show of exuberant spirits, so that the world will somehow lose sight of the poor denuded pussy that is inside; and it holds another man's tongue in subjection, so that no word will escape which will suggest pussy's presence.

President Wilson had the singed-cat sense and became arrogant to forget it. Mr. Coolidge had it, and, a better puritan, kept it always by him, "walked humbly," to remind him to work hard, to waste no time in play or on the lighter by-paths of friendship.

I think that he is better than he looks. If he has not the energy or imagination to be constructive for the future, he has a mighty faculty for getting done the things of to-day. He is more on the job than any President I have ever known. He works like a Vermont farmer teasing a living out of a thin soil. The routine of the Presidency is a thin soil. Mr. Coolidge is raising a good crop out of it.—Clinton W. Gilbert in an article on President Coolidge in the "Century Magazine."

## THE BUSINESS OF SERVING THE WORLD

BY DR. FRANK CRANE

**T**HE great men of former ages were men who conquered the world. The great men of today and tomorrow are the men who are serving the world.

Alexander the Great, Tamerlane, Julius Cæsar, Attila, Louis the Magnificent, Napoleon, were warrior heroes. They climbed to the peaks of fame up mountains of dead bodies. The blare of band music that heralded their glory, the cheers of the multitude that greeted their triumph, were hardly able to drown the moans of heartbreak and the shrieks of anguish of their victims.

Those were the days when the Great Ones of earth were the rulers of men. Evolution has unfolded. The mind of mankind has ripened. The world has fairly entered into that zone of time in which greatness is measured by service.

Even the God of the past was called the King of Kings in the effort of men's imagination to exalt His magnificence. We are beginning to glimpse a better title for the Deity, one, indeed, suggested to us by His chief representative, "Servant of all."

As our boys and girls read history they learn that at this date and that such and such a man was ruler of a nation. In the Fiftieth Century boys and girls shall learn the names of those men who, each in his epoch, was the most conspicuous servant of the people.

\* \* \* \*

When I was asked to write an advertisement for the Henry L. Doherty organization, I put the question to myself, "What business have I writing an advertisement?" I asked myself again, "What is an advertisement?"

An advertisement is merely the word which Business speaks.

An honest advertisement is not a cheap and apparent boast. It is the faithful and decent expression of the purpose of a Business.

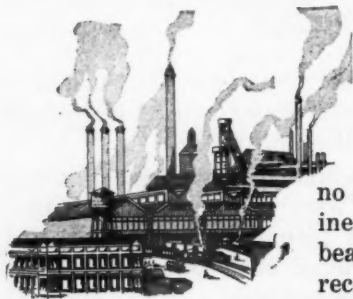
Advertisement is the utterance of Business.

It is Business made vocal.

Whatever is dumb is dangerous.

We sneer at talk; and cynically regard those who gab too much.

Yet we should remember that speech is the mark of civilization. All animals except man are dumb. Words are among the latest products of evolution. As the brain grows it indicates its progress by speech.



Time was when there was no advertising. And at that time business men were a good deal like wild beasts. They had no ethics. They recognized no principle except the rule "Get Money. Get it honestly, if you

can, but Get Money."

The brutal motto of "caveat emptor" prevailed—let the buyer beware! Every man engaged in trade was supposed to be a rascal.

You will notice that as Business grew out of this savage condition, one of the marks of its growth was advertising.

Today it is very difficult for the makers of any nationally advertised product to be anything but decent. To advertise a business year after year, to thus expose the soul of the business to pitiless publicity, to grow constantly and at the same time lie and cheat is beyond the powers of mortal man. Only the devil himself could compass this.

Indeed, I know of one department store in a great city that started out with the purpose of making money dishonestly. Its promoters intended to run awhile, go bankrupt, and skip. They advertised extensively; they prospered; their store grew rapidly; and the first thing they knew the confounded thing had got away from them. They had to be honest. The business had got too big.

The dull suspicion in the minds of many that all Big Business is crooked is not well founded. As a rule Big Business finds that square dealing pays.

Most crookedness loves the darkness, and haunts the crevices and shady corners.

An arc light on the corner is better than ten policemen. The wicked love darkness. Light is one of the best guarantees of honesty. Publicity is light. Advertisement is publicity.



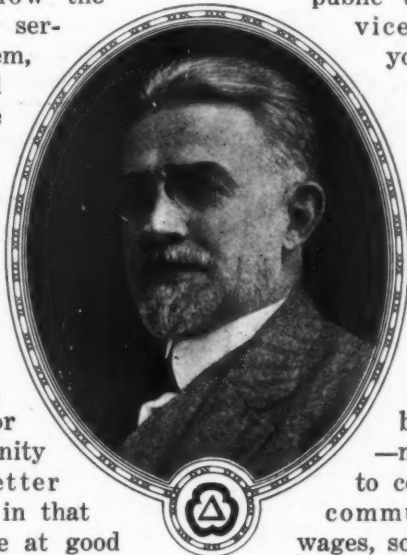
In looking over the Henry L. Doherty organization, I find it to be a huge, going, widespread and growing army of men organized for the public service.

By this I do not mean that these men are working for charity or for nothing. They are working for wages. They expect and they get profits. If they did not, they would be frauds.

The moral element in wages and profits is that if you get them you know the public wants and appreciates your service. When you cease to get them, you may be pretty well assured that you are handing the public some-thing that it does not want.

The best, and the sanest philanthropist is not one who doles money to the idle, but the one who gives employment to the thrifty.

It is well enough to endow a college or build a church for the community—may be; but it is infinitely better to conduct an honest business in that community and employ its people at good wages, so they can erect their own church and college, if they want to.



\* \* \* \* \*

The organization of which I write has grown from small beginnings. It has piled up a goodly heap of capital. It has gathered together a host of laborers. The only way it has done this has been by working for profits, getting profit, investing it in business, and all the time proving to the general public that it was engaged in honest service, and that for every dollar they got they were giving to the public a dollar's worth and more of utility.

The Cities Service Company, of which the firm of Henry L. Doherty & Company is fiscal agent and operating manager, is a giant. But it is not a dumb, brutal and heartless giant. It is no brother to Fasolt and Fafner. It is a giant with a brain full of the keenest scientific intelligence, with fingers miraculously skilled, with a rare combination of fear-

lessness and prudence. And with an altruism and devotion to the public weal that is all the better because it does not profess to do something for nothing.

It stretches across the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Lower Canada down into Mexico. It engages in many forms of public utility, including gas, electric light and power, heat, ice, water, street railways and the producing, transporting, storing, refining and marketing of oil.

Too many statistics benumb the brain. A few of them may properly fillip the imagination.

The public utilities of this company comprise over 60 properties in 20 states, and serve a population of 2,750,000 in 600 communities.

Over 90,000,000 passengers ride every year on the street railways of this company.

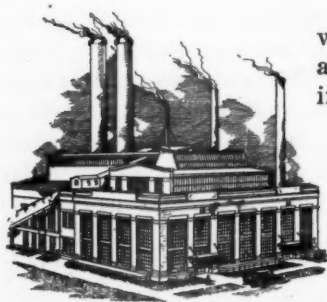
It produces 30,000 barrels of crude oil every day in 21 states. Besides this, it has foreign branches in Canada, Mexico, Europe, Australia, South America and the Far East.

It stands among the first four business combinations of the world in the number of its security holders; for over 100,000 people have thought enough of this company to invest a portion of their capital in it.

\* \* \* \*

I have been entirely cured of that all too common disease known as the inferiority complex. As far as I know, I have left in my soul none of the dirt of envy toward the successful.

I ask myself but one question concerning any man, or any organization: Is that man or organization giving a dollar's worth for every dollar he or it receives?



I have but one test for those whom I would admit among the aristocracy of earth: Are they serving the public or robbing the public?

If a man like Henry Ford by his genius makes a million people more comfortable, and a hundred thousand people more prosperous, and fifty thousand more thrifty, he can be as rich as Cræsus, for all I care. He may spend his leisure time yachting in the Mediterranean or fox-trotting on Broadway; he may live in a palace or a farmhouse; his private life, aside from gross immorality, does not interest me. What

interests me is the welfare of the people, and how his activities bear upon that welfare.

What examination I have been able to give to Henry L. Doherty & Company convinces me that it is an efficient and dependable public servant. When we get a hired girl at our house, and she cooks us good meals, and keeps the house in order, and is pleasant about it, I am glad to give her top notch wages; in fact, I think I should be a mean man if I refused to pay her well.

The great Cities Service Company is one of the nation's and the world's great hired men. I like the term "hired man." It is an honorable title. I love the much-abused wage system. I enjoy getting wages, and I enjoy paying wages.

This Cities Service Company is one of those hired men who are making the world a better place to live in. It is saving waste, it is creating contentment, it is opening up new lines of business. It is furnishing employment to the skillful, it is utilizing capital for the purposes of life. And altogether it seems to be making good its title to the nobility of Service.

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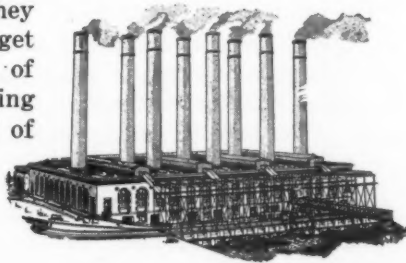
There are two great ideas in the world today contending for the dominance of the civilization of the future.

One of these, roughly speaking, may be called the Socialistic or Communistic idea. The gist of it is that capital and the management of capital should be in the hands of the State.

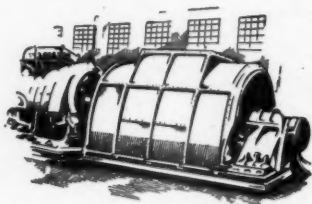
The other is the Individualistic theory. The main point in this is that capital and the management of capital should be left to individuals.

People can often be better judged by what they hate than by what they love; by what they are against than by what they are for. We may therefore get a clearer notion of the soul of these two tendencies by stating that what Socialism is afraid of is the greed, tyranny and lack of altruism in the individual capitalist; and what the Individualists are afraid of is the incompetency of the kind of people who get elected to manage a State.

It must be confessed that there is something to be said on both sides of this question.



Perhaps the final solution of the matter will be in the nature of a compromise; that is, some things, such, for instance, as the post office, come manifestly under public management, while other things as, for instance, the retailing of dry goods and groceries, belong to individual management.



But between these two extremes lies that vast No Man's Land where at present the great battle of ideas in modern civilization is now going on.

On one hand Russia furnishes us with an extreme example of the effort to retain all capital in the control of the State. The ruling class at present in Russia not only believes in State ownership as an economic expediency, but believes it with the intense fanaticism of a religion. We should not judge the Russians unjustly. Perhaps it is too early to decide upon the value of their experiment. We are even willing to admit that possibly their scheme may work out better for themselves and the world than the more traditional theories.

But at present America stands for just about the opposite of that position occupied by Russia. The number of Socialists in the United States is negligible.

Socialism is not in our blood. Our training and breeding has all been the other way. We come from a stock that has tamed nature, explored the wilds, founded states and cities, established institutions, and even organized churches under the push of individualistic methods. It is born in the bone and fibre of every American to object to being managed by anybody and to insist on minding his own business, whether that business be raising potatoes or serving God.

Socialism may come out of Russia and conquer the world; but it is going to take a good many long years for it to crush the individualistic instinct of freedom out of the minds of the people that inhabit the United States of America.

So it is a condition that confronts us, and not a theory.

That condition is that Twentieth Century Americans are overwhelmingly opposed to Municipal, State or Government control of anything, unless it is proved mighty clearly to them that in whatever particular case is under consideration that is the best way. When they give up any business to the control of the State, it is always done grudgingly.

America was built up by individuals. It is not the product of theories nor parties.

It was discovered in the first place by an individual named Columbus, who was out on an extremely hazardous enterprise largely on his own hook.

This country has not been built up by the Constitution, by its laws, by the Church, nor by its colleges.

It has been built up by adventurers.

The older nations may be held together by the heirs and eldest sons; America is a land of younger sons.

It has been made by boys who left home and struck out for themselves. Almost every great position in the business world in America is filled by a man who, to a greater or less degree, has worked up from the bottom. Very few of the business kings of this country are hereditary monarchs. And of those who are so, quite a number must be labelled "Not so good."

Altogether, the spirit of America today is decidedly in favor of individual enterprise. This enterprise has developed the kind of man that has put this nation in the forefront of all the nations of earth, the man of vision, of courage, of large grasp of mind, of endurance, and of unbounded faith in himself and in his country.

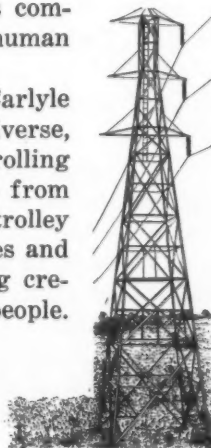
The Cities Service Company is one of the best types of an organization under private management, not owned by the State, yet making good because of its ability to serve the State.

\* \* \* \*

One striking modernistic feature of this company is the attention which is devoted to the human element.

It is not primarily a machine, such as Carlyle described as the Atheist's conception of the universe, "A huge, dead, immeasurable steam engine rolling on in its cruel indifference to grind me limb from limb." It is not an aggregation of oil tanks, trolley cars, office buildings, ledgers, tanks, pipe lines and such gear, a metallic and heartless something created to draw the blood of money from the people. It is a human organization.

It is composed of men, men with souls, minds and hearts—men who are associated together in the most wholesome kind of





association ever discovered, the association of a common work.

These men, while they expect their wage, and get it, are not working for the wage alone, for no good craftsman ever does, but are working for the satisfaction of service.

At its head is a Man. I know Mr. Henry L. Doherty, and I could not describe him in any way better than in the term Antony applied to Brutus, "This is a Man." His ideals are sound, his sympathies are warm, his tastes are wholesome, and he is altogether the sort of person you would like to go camping with or sit with and swap ideas before your study fire.

There are two kinds of people that care very little about money. One is the kind that has none, and never expects to have any. The other is the kind that has so much that the acquisition of more does not interest him.

In other words, some people are independently poor, and some people are independently rich.

Mr. Doherty has to have money or he could not be the kind of servant he is. Possibly there are hoboes who are nobler than he, but they cannot be of the same service to men that he is.

And inside his organization there is the same human note. Several house organs keep all the workers in constant touch with each other.

There is a men's fraternity with local chapters throughout all branches of the company to develop unity of purpose and to strengthen the principles of American citizenship.

The organization actively sells its securities among its customers to promote the feeling that any sort of public utility is, after all, their own.

While service is insisted upon in this organization, there is no spirit of servility. Along with service goes the pride of service. The joy and dignity of service.

In fact, the slogan embodied in the standard of the Doherty Men's Fraternity is "Pride of Workmanship—Pride of Service."

\* \* \* \*

This organization emphasizes another feature of modern business, as distinguished from the spirit which actuated the business activities of yesterday.

It used to be said, "Competition is the life of trade." That was in the same days when the motto was current, "Let the buyer beware!" That was the epoch when business was little better than a battle of the kites and crows.

The idea of the Twentieth Century that is being worked out, not by the will of man but by the purpose of Destiny, is

that the dominating principle in human business should be co-operation, and not competition.

The principle of competition is a law of nature, but it is a beast law. Since the appearance of man upon the planet, he has been slowly learning that he can only advance through co-operation.

The old idea of fight, conflict, competition ruled men's thought for centuries. It culminated in the Great War. The slaughter of millions of human beings and the aftermath of economic chaos was the fitting climax to ages of belief in the devil's doctrine that the world belongs to the strongest and the fiercest.

The success of the Cities Service Company is a success of co-operation. Its strength lies in the ability of the management to combine the skill, the brains and the labor of thousands of co-workers toward a common end.

While it competes with other companies, it is a competition in service only.

Its aim is to beat the other organizations only by doing better work.

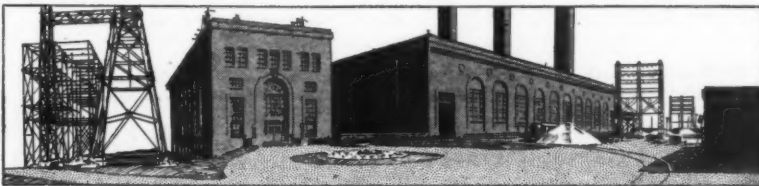
And this sort of competition is the only kind that is commendable.

Finally, the Doherty organization seems to recognize throughout its entire personnel that its only excuse for existence is in its product of service, and that it will continue to thrive and prosper only so long as it brings thrift and prosperity to that public whom it serves.

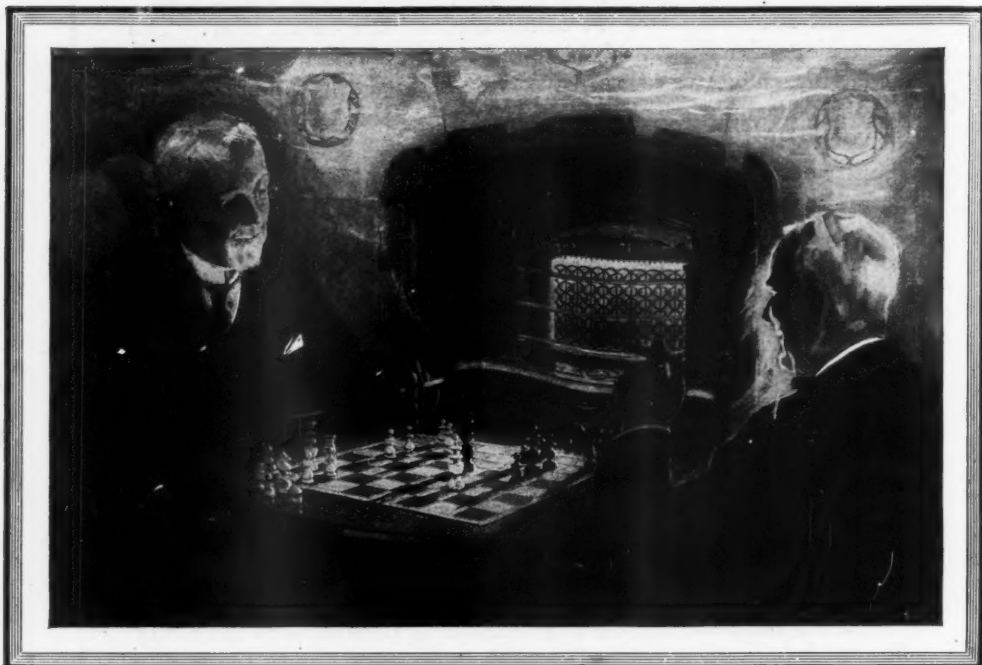
I diagnose the success of the Doherty Company as not being due to the power of massed capital, but rather due to the power of massed brains, enterprise and efficiency.

There are two kinds of reformers; one uses great ideas as brickbats to throw at structures. The other uses the ideas as brickbats to build structures.

*Frank Crane*



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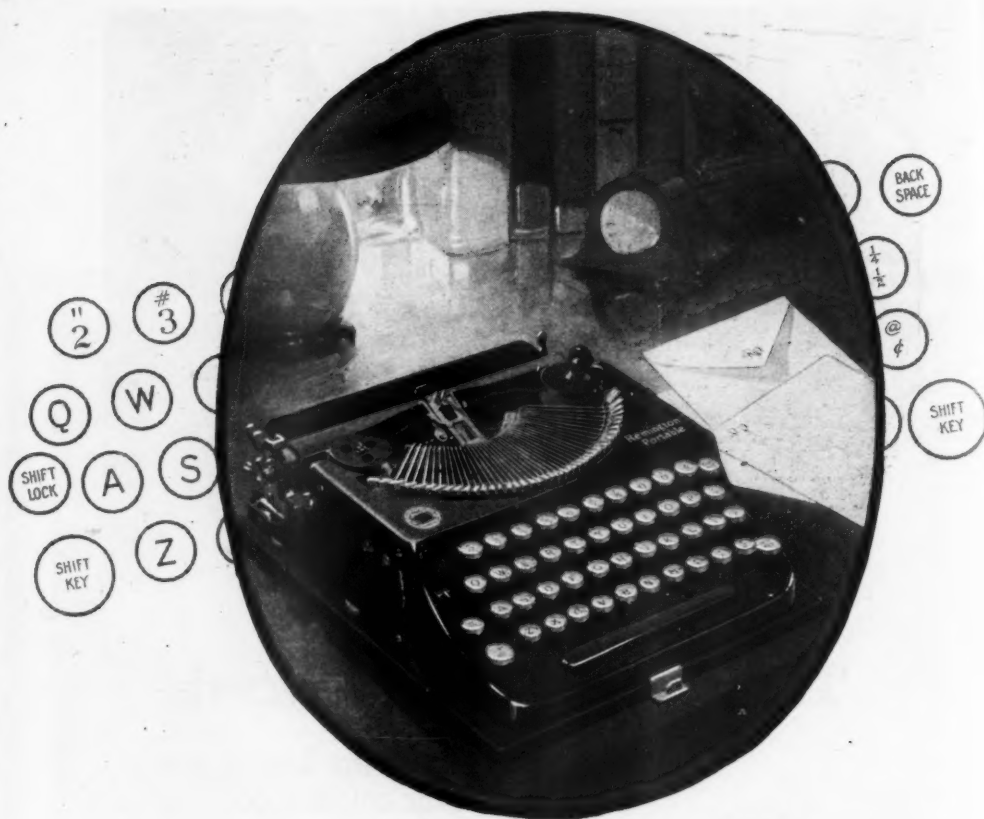
The same nickel that keeps an electric fan running all day will operate an electric vacuum cleaner  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours, or a washing machine for an hour and a half. On the motors of these modern servants look for the General Electric Company monogram. The letters are a symbol of service, the initials of a friend.

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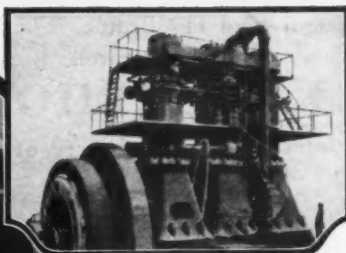
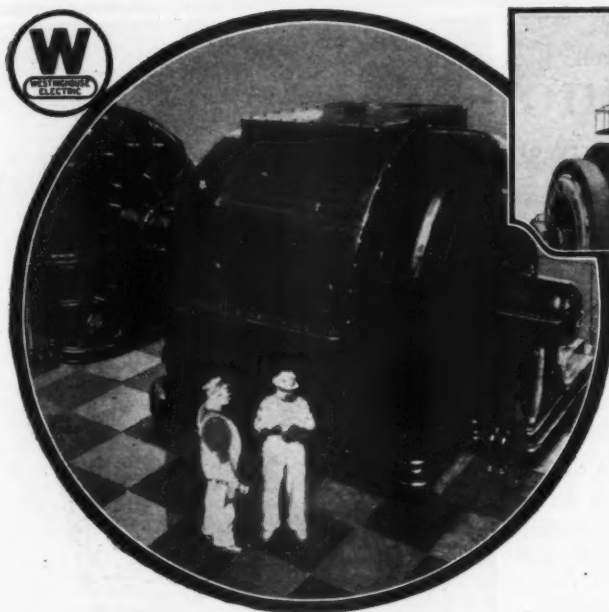
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he was interrupted with the cry of  
"TREASON!"

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Patrick Henry Addressing the Virginia Assembly

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**T**HOMAS MARSHALL once said it is a good five-cent cigar. Some folks say it is a sense of humor, others a religious awakening, still others our participation in foreign affairs. There are as many answers to the question as there are interests.

There will be few to dispute the assertion that among the basic and most pressing needs of the day is the formation of an intelligent public opinion. It is the very cap-stone of any successful democracy. There is much talk right now of the need for leadership, but great leaders must have not only loyal but also informed followers. Otherwise it is a case of "the blind leading the blind." Lincoln and Roosevelt made their appeal to men and women alive to the problems of their day. No social illiterates could have followed the Douglas debates. The "square deal" of Roosevelt had implications clear only to intelligence.

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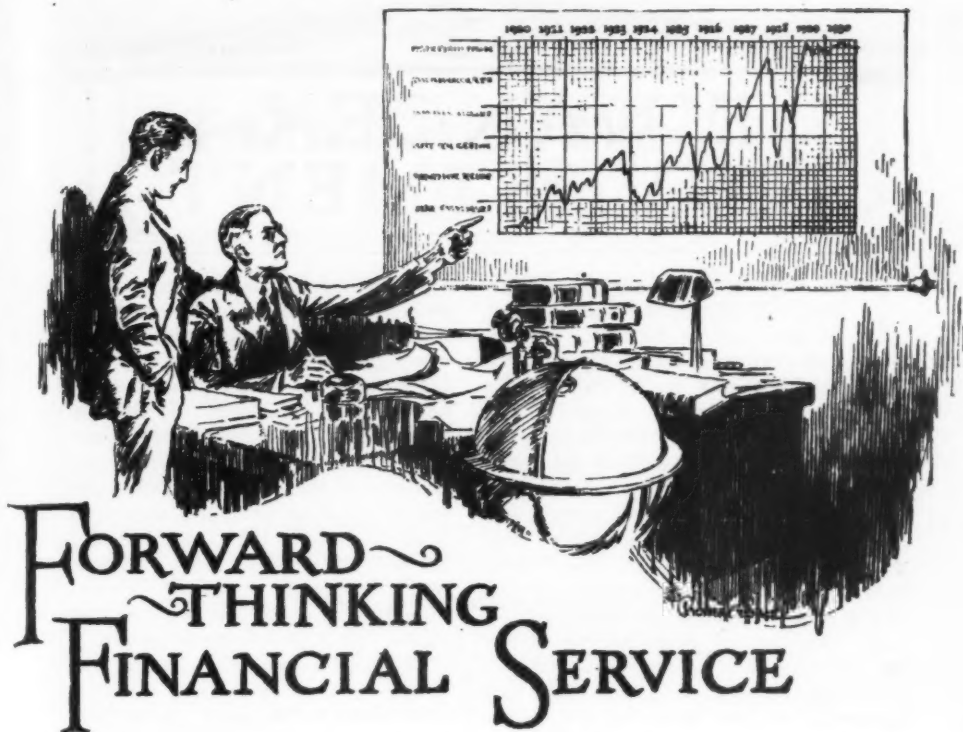
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# FINANCE & INVESTMENT

THE process of saving money carries one only to the halfway post on the road to fortune. If anything, the second stage of the journey along this highway is the harder. In the experience of many successful men who have worked and sweated to accumulate wealth, there was joy amid much buffeting while they were gathering dollars, but worry and sorrow and intense labor when they sought to hold what they had gathered. The job of holding constitutes the second stretch of the road to permanent wealth.

In speaking of wealth, the writer does not intend to emphasize securities, real property, cash or what not in vast amounts. A few thousands of dollars constitute, relatively, as much of a fortune to one person as a million does to another. In large or small totals the same problem prevails—to retain and increase one's resources, especially to retain them. In the countless preachments on thrift which come before the public from many sources, the important factor of "holding on" receives but comparatively little attention.

Many centuries ago the poet Horace, in one of his odes, lamented what to him seemed to be a deplorable fact, namely, that once a man dipped into his accumulation soon the whole was gone. He lived in a spendthrift day; moreover, he may have had the poet's traditional ineptitude for business and finance. Some hundreds of years later we read that the father of Alexander Pope, a retired merchant of considerable means, carried his entire fortune about with him in strong boxes. In the one case, an economic phenomenon was recited and let go at that, while in the other a guard was set on the gains of a busy life to prevent wastage.

These literary and historic instances are cited merely to bring out the point that the difficulty of retaining property is not new. It is by no means the product of modern, complicated systems of finance and investment. If thieves and profligate tastes threatened the fortunes of ancient times, just so the apostles of dubious enterprises and the purveyors of questionable securities are ready always to take their toll of present wealth. *But in some respects, the most dangerous opponent of the fortune-builder is indifferent management of the funds he has accumulated.*

The writer recalls a case in which a single error of judgment swept away over \$80,000 of good securities. A country capitalist, owner of farms, mills and forests, invested his surplus income from time to time for nearly forty years until this sum was accumulated. He left the entire block of bonds on deposit with his broker. When he died his sons were nominated as executors in his will. They had had little experience in business. In making an inventory of the estate, they visited the broker, checked up the securities and went away without them. A financial panic was even then rising on the horizon. Within three months the securities market had slumped, the broker had failed and practically nothing was recovered, except the dismal satisfaction of seeing the broker in jail for a short time.

The error, of course, lay in failure to remove the securities to a place of undoubted safety until the estate could be divided among the heirs. One may say that this was merely a bone-headed way of doing business, and that the safekeeping of securities constitutes no

(Continued on page 510)

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(Continued from page 508)

problem nowadays. That is true, but the illustration is, nevertheless, symptomatic of conditions which need careful attention. It is not only safety which the investor should require, but also ways to keep his accumulated wealth growing, without adverse developments that may stop natural growth.

In the present series of articles in these columns, the suggestion frequently has been made that buyers of securities deal only with investment houses of proved good standing and reputation. The investor who has neither the facilities nor time to investigate security offerings must often rely upon the judgment of his dealer or broker in selecting bonds. As has been stated before, not a few successful investors have never had assurance about the worth of securities beyond what their bond salesman has told them. Their confidence was not misplaced; their accumulations grew steadily.

But the investor is entitled to greater service than advice in choosing securities, and he should not hesitate to use this service. It is rendered cheerfully, for every investment house in the country knows that the greater the aid rendered a steady investor, the greater will be the business done by that house. For example, the owner of a diversified list of securities should call upon his specialist periodically for a survey of his holdings. If he does not do business with one firm he should have a bank or trust company examine his bonds and shares and make recommendations about them.

There is a natural reluctance among many owners of securities to do this, for they prefer to keep the facts about their wealth to themselves. Such reticence should not be permitted to retard investment progress. Perhaps the experience of a small-city bank will drive this point home. The bank in question, far remote from the New York markets, depends largely upon the judgment of a New York bond house in making its investments. The house is kept informed of the bank's securities and funds available for investment.

(Continued on page 512)



## Investment and Financial Booklets

CURRENT OPINION'S Investment and Finance Department will be glad to have any of the following investment and financial booklets sent to its readers free of charge by the companies issuing them. Just check the booklets you want and write your name and address on the coupon below.

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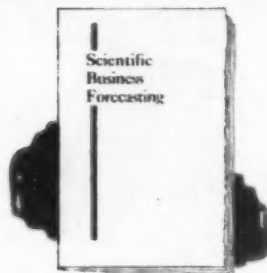
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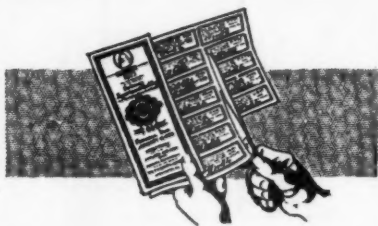
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(Continued from page 510)

Three years ago, when municipal bonds were depressed along with other good bonds, the bank was advised to purchase the obligations of a half dozen leading cities of the Middle West. The advice was accompanied by coldly reasoned statements why municipals were believed to be unduly affected by a temporarily tight condition of money and credit. The bank bought a sizeable block of bonds. Later, equally cold reasons for selling and reinvesting in other classes of securities were sent to the bank, and the sale netted a profit of more than \$30,000.

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it may become less desirable later on. If the bond house knows thoroughly its client's financial needs and requirements it will not hesitate to tell him why he should sell a bond and acquire another to replace it. The process, to be sure, may entail a profit to the house, but the advice of every reliable firm is based, primarily, on the desire to give satisfaction to its customer. Otherwise business is bound to languish and the relations of years will be disturbed.

Let us repeat that the aggressive investor strives to keep his invested wealth growing. It is axiomatic that he do this by periodic additions from his surplus earnings, but he can help out considerably by proper management of securities he already owns. Take the matter of coupons, matured or retired bonds and dividend checks, particularly the first two, which are so easily forgotten when a payment date arrives. Every day that a matured coupon rests in the safe-deposit box means lost interest. Every day that a "called" bond lies fallow, instead of being exchanged for cash, means considerable lost interest. The scores of millions of Victory Notes which remained unpaid last year for months after the Secretary of the Treasury called them in represented thousands upon thousands of dollars of lost interest.

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*(Continued on following page)*

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You will find evidence of preparation of this sort in the terms of indentures. "Redeemable in whole or in part on any interest date after (a specified day) at (a specified price)" is almost a conventional phrase of bond-offering circulars of the pre-deflation period, and still is, for that matter. A certain portion of the securities so issued will, doubtless, run to full maturity, depending on developments in the investment market; but many will be called in when money rates fall and will be replaced by bonds bearing a lower rate of interest.

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(Continued on following page)

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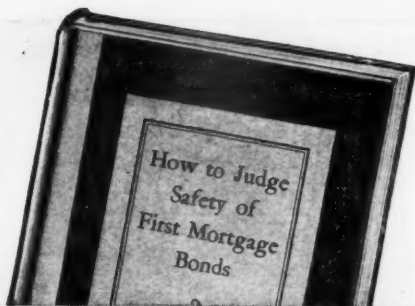
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(Continued from preceding page)

with high coupon rates. You may discover some day that the 7% bond, which you bought at par with self-congratulation for your foresight, has ceased bearing interest, and that cash waits you at the borrower's office or fiscal agency. You may find interest ceased some time since and that your funds have been lying idle because of lack of proper information.

A disagreeable surprise of this sort may be avoided if you arrange to be informed of events affecting your bond. It is usually provided that bonds with a "call" provision are retirable at a price considerably above par. Frequently information that an issue is to be retired reaches the market in advance and the quotation moves up accordingly. If your bond house has been instructed to let you know as soon as possible about plans for retiring your bond it may be possible to sell advantageously in advance of the date and reinvest the proceeds satisfactorily.



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The writer would be the last person in the world to advise investors to "switch" frequently from one bond to another for the sake of a profit. That is a business for experts. It smacks of speculation. Yet a switch for the sake of increased income, with equivalent security, can often be done safely under the guidance of investment specialists whose vocation it is to seek out such opportunities for their customers.

For reasons that cannot always be supplied, bonds sometimes "get out of line" with the general market. It may be because they have been overlooked for a time. It may be caused by the liquidation of estate holdings too rapidly for quick absorption by investors. Whatever the cause, the customer of a well-informed bond house can at such times acquire investment bargains, provided that he has instructed the firm to recommend issues fitted to his needs.

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(THE END)

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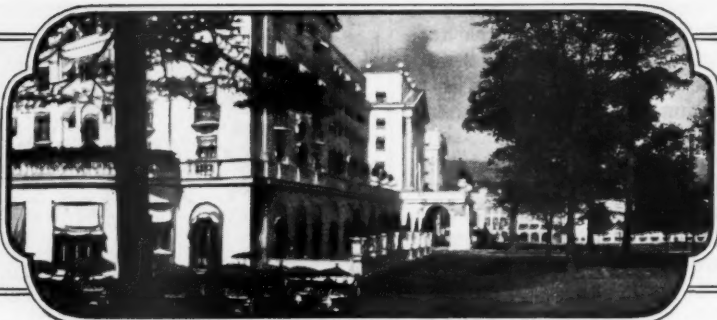
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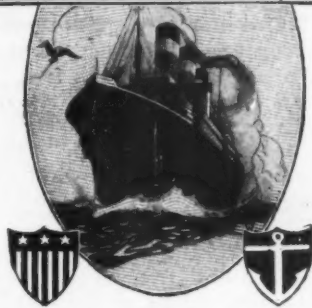
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# OUR PRESIDENT

By DR. FRANK CRANE

**I**T makes no difference who the President of the United States is, he is our President.

Once elected to that office he ceases to be the representative of a political party and becomes the representative of the whole people.

His reputation is ours. In any scandal or disgrace that attaches to him we cannot escape our share.

His good name is part of the good name of every business house in the country, of every man and woman, of every boy and girl.

The identity of the head of the state with the honor of the state is recognized in monarchies by the statement that "the King can do no wrong."

The meaning of this is that the head of the state cannot be dragged into any partisan controversy, as he represents the whole people.

While republics cannot go so far as that, at least they should go far enough to preserve the decencies.

So long as a man is President he should be treated with a little more than ordinary consideration.

To allude to him contemptuously or even flippantly in the Senate is utterly unpardonable.

To sneer at him in the House of Representatives is the very depth of vulgarity.

Of course we should maintain free speech and the free expression of opinion. If he does anything we think wrong we have a right to say so. If we think his policies are dangerous it is our duty to oppose them.

But, while we may denounce and caricature and scream in the political hustings and in the newspapers when we engage in political controversy with others, plain, ordinary decency should prevent us from spattering dirty water upon the head of the State.

Even if we find it necessary to impeach him, that impeachment should be conducted with dignity and solemnity, for it is very much like a son being compelled to bring proceedings against his own father.

We cannot make the President exempt from criticism. All that can restrain us is a sound public opinion that will not tolerate billingsgate and scandalous language when it is addressed to the man who represents us before the eyes of the world.

This is a free country and a man is not even compelled to believe in God. He may think there is no Deity or may even think that, if there be a Deity, he is a cruel one. He has a right to these opinions.

But, when he undertakes to express these ideas in terms of profanity, obscenity or blasphemy in a public place, we do not tolerate it.

The President is no supernatural person, he is no totem, but, at least, he is a man placed by the suffrage of the majority of his fellow citizens in a position where he temporarily holds in his keeping the honor of this whole country.

So long as he occupies that position no person except a bounder will treat him or speak of him except with due respect.

The flag is nothing but a piece of bunting, but it is dangerous business to spit upon it, to tear it down or to trample on it. It represents something.

The President is only a man, but HE REPRESENTS SOMETHING.